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Selections.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN P. HALE,

WITHIN THE MAMMOTH TENT.

[Phonographically Reported for the Commonwealth.]

GENTLEMEN: My first words, the first words prompted by my heart, are to express my joy to meet you here—joy to meet so many of my old chosen friends and acquaintances pledged to our just cause. Such a gathering is well calculated to give us all encouragement, and hope, and joy—joy far greater than can be gained by pandering to corruption in high places. And, my friends, let me say, that a new chapter is about to be written in history. In other and past times, you have struggled, and struggled earnestly and manfully, for the declaration and sustentation of the great principles of human freedom, the beneficial influences of which were to be felt and realized by a class different from those whom our laws and institutions had crushed and borne down to the earth. And this was well. It was well for yourselves that your generous sympathy went out from your hearts; there was comfort to the objects of that sympathy, in your devotion to the cause of liberty, even though they did not immediately receive the benefits of that devotion. It was well, in other times, that your hearts should be stirred to action by such noble impulses and generous motives as yours were then; but there is a new chapter about to commence; there is another class now appealing for your sympathy—they stand stricken and bound, looking up to you and asking you if in other times and under other circumstances, you have striven together like men, when nobody but the bond slave of the South, upon whose complexion a southern sun has imprinted dusky hues, has awakened your sympathy—if in other times and under other circumstances, you have toiled and striven for these, they ask if you will not to-day strike one blow for them?

And who are they that ask you to-day to stand up like men for them? They are the *bond-slaves* of the two great political parties (laughter), whose leaders have put the yoke upon them. They are the men who tell you they have chosen and trusted leaders and champions, and that those leaders and champions, taking advantage of the trust and confidence bestowed upon them, have betrayed their parties, have turned their backs upon their former pretensions, and sold themselves into the hands of those who would make universal and wide spread the bonds of human Slavery. They look with beseeching eyes, and tell you the position they occupy is doubtful (laughter), and odious, and hateful. They are not content with it, nor satisfied with it. There is something in them that revolts against it, and they look to *you* to-day, my friends, as the very men to stand up, when everybody else is bowing down (cheers), they look to you to stand up and tell these bowing gentlemen, that declare agitation to have ceased, in manly tones, that shall be heard over the republic, that agitation is *not* dead (loud and prolonged applause). They ask you to strike *one* blow, to give utterance to *one* manly tone, to proclaim that agitation is not still, and that liberty is not dead (cheers)!

They ask you once more to demonstrate to them that it may be safe to allow the promptings of their hearts to speak out. They are almost ready; they have been almost persuaded to the doctrine which has been thrown out by those leaders and champions, that the Wilmot Proviso is dead, and its friends buried—that the Free Soil agitation, under the withering influences of their denunciations, has ceased—and now these men are looking, and waiting, and watching, with earnest and anxious gaze, to know if it indeed be so. Do you not, my friends, owe much, and very much, to your friends of the same faith, and kin, and complexion with yourselves, who are so deeply interested in the great problem about to be solved?

This is, indeed, a new chapter, and it is a new chapter that they have resolved that "agitation must cease," that they will "*resist and oppose it, wherever, whenever, and however it is attempted.*"

My friends, it seems they have but an imperfect knowledge of human nature as it is exemplified in their own experience, if they supposed that agitation was to be put down by any such idle fulminations as those. If there is no other way to make corrupt carcasses give forth a galvanic throb of life, only say they *must* not agitate. There is that in the human heart that would induce them to try whether they had the power of agitation or not (cheers). Find a man to-morrow who has lived all his life in Worcester county, who has spent all his days on his farm, even to the advanced age of three score and ten, without ever once passing beyond the limits of the county of Worcester, and tell him that he shall not go over those limits, and he is a miserable man from that very moment, until he has made the experiment, to see whether he can go or not. It is just so with agitation and agitators. Tell men they must not agitate, that they *shall not* under any circumstance, and the stupid will become active, the silent will speak, and even the treacherous will begin to think it is not quite time yet to take the reward of their treachery. Such is human nature, and so long as human nature is what it is, it will be extremely difficult to stop agitation.

Now, my friends, what is the agitation that excites such tremendous opposition from both of these two great political parties? Is it an element of life or death? It is an element of life. It is a great law of the Almighty, who has impressed it upon the whole moral and physical creation. Such an agitator is the human heart, whose constant influences are sending the life current warm through all the limbs and veins of the body.

We have all read of a pool which stood in the holy land at the time of the great mission of peace—that even the waters of that pool, the pool of Siloam, had no life-giving power, till an angel came down from Heaven to *agitate* them. Then whoever stepped in was healed and made whole. The sluggish pool had no virtues of its own—they all consisted in agitation (cheers); and he who came while the ripple of its waves was stilled, departed as he came, with his maladies still upon him. I take it for a fixed fact, or to use a phrase that has a little Latin in it, for a fact *per se*, that agitation cannot die, even if its friends may (laughter and applause).

As it is by looking back we can best tell how to go forward, I will call your attention to the state of the country four years ago. *Some* of us can remember, though *all* of us don't want to (laughter), four years ago: what was the spectacle which the country presented? We had, at that time, acquired by conquest and treaty, some new territory—a small patch (laughter)—and the question was, what sort of a government was to be organized over it. That you may have some idea of the magnitude and consequence of this territory which, without any organized government, was asking and waiting for one at your hands—that you may rightly estimate the consequences of what sort of government should be given to it, let us examine the subject in detail. How large was it? We can perhaps best judge by comparison. The State of Massachusetts comprises about seven thousand square miles. The whole of the thirteen States, that fought the battle of the revolution, and achieved our national independence, comprised a little less than three hundred thousand square miles. Well, my friends, this territory waiting for an organized government at our hands, consisted of eighteen hundred thousand square miles! six times the size of the United States that fought the battle of the revolution, and more than two hundred times the size of your Commonwealth of Massachusetts! More than two hundred times the size of the State in which you live? Now, that we may have some idea of its extent, the next inquiry will be, what is its character? What is its soil? By the official accounts of those sent by our government to explore it, it is represented as possessing, the greater portion of it, the most fertile soil that the footstep of man ever pressed since he was expelled from the garden of Eden. As late as December, they found the trees groaning under the burden of their fruit—tropical fruit. Then, when we come to the mineral resources, why even Ophir, with all its gold, was poverty itself compared with the wealth of that country. Immense in extent, possessing a fertile soil, and rich in all the minerals, the question arose, what sort of government shall it have? Shall it have a free government, or a government subservient to Slavery?

The appeal is made to you—it is made to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Well, what sort of a government will you give it? Will you give it a government where the labourers shall eat the fruits of his own toil—where free schools, free churches, and free institutions of every kind shall add their part in ministering to the progress of humanity in all those arts that elevate and train the human race in the practice and enjoyment of virtue and happiness? Or, in other words, will you give it such a government as you enjoy yourselves? Will you let the present and future inhabitants of this great land experience from you a practical exemplification of the Christian rule to "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you?" Or, on the otherhand, shall this vast region be cursed with the foul stain of human slavery? Shall the richness of that virgin soil be drenched out of it by the tears of the unhappy slave, and its fair field be blasted by his burning wrongs through all coming ages (no! no!)?

Let me ask any individual present, if he can to-day work up his imagination to any question, short of the salvation of his [illegible] that can compare with the magnitude of this momentous question? Remember it was not a question that was to be decided and determined, and its consequences felt only in the *present* generation. Its consequences were to extend through all coming time away down the ages of the future, as far as the eye of hope and of faith could penetrate.

From the manner in which the question was settled, what was your voice at that time? Was there to be found in Massachusetts a solitary individual that had but one answer to this question? No matter what the consequences might be, upon this you had made up your minds, and your determination was, to oppose, to the last, the introduction of the system of human bondage into our free territories. In the neighbouring State of New Hampshire, both the Whig and Democratic parties resolved that, whatever else might betide them, they would oppose the extension of the institution of Slavery, and that their determination was unalterably fixed. Well, my friends, you said the same thing. The only conflict was as to who should say it the loudest, and put the most effective meaning to it. The great question of the day was, whether Taylor, Van Buren, or Cass, was the strongest and most unalterable friend of freedom in the territories. There are some things that do not change, but the page of history tells us that when politicians get fixed, it does not take a long time to alter them (laughter). Well, four years have passed away, and this question, so far as you have any agency in it, has been determined; and how? By what, they tell us, is a compromise. Now, gentlemen, what is a compromise? I do not know that I can give you the dictionary definition of it, but I understand that where two men come together, and one gives and takes a little, and the other takes and gives a little, this is a compromise. Well, this question of Slavery has been settled by a compromise, we are told, and Massachusetts is a party to the bargain. Now I want to talk to Massachusetts a little about this compromise, as I have Massachusetts before me (cheers). What did you get? (A voice—"The Fugitive Slave Law"). Ah, my friend, that is what you gave, we all know that; but what you got, nobody can tell (laughter).

The South determined to have the privilege secured to them of carrying Slavery into the territories. You wished to exclude it. To be sure, you had some politicians who told you that the law of God was against the introduction of Slavery into these territories, and where is there a territory from which God's law does not exclude Slavery (cheers)? You meant, I mean wanted (a laugh), to have, in this case, the divine law re-enacted. You wanted freedom, secured by the maintenance of human laws. Did you get it, my friends? You made a compromise, and have you not surrendered the only matter in dispute?

Says the South, "We want the whole of this territory:" "we don't want the Wilmot Proviso over an inch of it." "But," says a Massachusetts man, "this is against my pledge. I have avowed my determination to resist Slavery; and now do you want me to give up the whole?" "Oh, yes," says the South, "and if you do, it won't be the first time you have done it" (laughter). So, finally, you gave up, and you consented by your own deliberate will and purpose, and so far as human government is interested, Slavery may go unchecked over every foot of that territory. But you were not content with that. You were in such a giving mood, that you were careful to put a clause into the Compromise measures, declaring that whether Slavery went there or not, they might form new States, and you would take them into the Union, with Slavery or without.

You next declared that the attempt to bring the subject of liberty and Slavery into politics was to be discountenanced, whether in Congress or out of it. It was a matter of indifference to you whether these future States should come shouting peals of liberty, bearing aloft the banners of human progress, or whether they should come, marking their track by the blood of their victims, and heralded by the sighs and groans of women and children crushed beneath their yoke of bondage; they were to be welcomed by you. This, my friends, was a compromise. You gave up the only matter in dispute, and you supposed that this was as far as you were called upon to go. But no. Said the South, "We cannot keep slaves in our large enclosure; we want a law which will secure our human chattels and indemnify us for their loss when they take it upon them to leave our paternal custody." "Well," says Massachusetts, "that seems reasonable—don't it (laughter)?—We'll give you a Fugitive Slave Law." And, accordingly, they went to work to frame one. Now, in the South, they have gentlemen (at least they style themselves such) that are slave-catchers by profession. These persons own a number of bloodhounds, and they advertise that they will hunt slaves for so much a head. Says the South, "It will be difficult and expensive to bring these bloodhounds to Massachusetts, so you must consent to be bloodhounds for us; and when we come after a panting, bleeding fugitive, it must be your duty to leave your workshops and farms, and help us." Well, you consented to that; and it is inserted in the bill that all good citizens are commanded to become bloodhounds.

But the provisions are not yet perfect. There must be some mode of deciding whether the person hunted is a slave or a freeman; for, under the elevating influences of human Slavery, it has got so, at last, that complexion does not determine this matter. There must be some way to prevent the possibility of making a mistake. You suggest the trial by jury. The South laughs in your face, and asks you if you are in earnest about it. You look for a moment or two as if you really had some idea of being so; but you think better about it, and finally you give that up (laughter).

Then the South says, you have in Massachusetts an old-fashioned something, with a Latin name. We don't exactly understand how it is, but it is a hard thing to catch negroes where *Habeas Corpus* is in the way (a laugh). You must not apply this *Habeas Corpus* to those persons whom we call our property. Certainly not; you give that up with alacrity also (laughter).

Well, now, in all conscience, says you to the South, do you want anything more? Yes. Well, what is it? You must recognise no higher law than this "Fugitive Slave Law," and the resolutions we pass to sustain it. Are you ready to go that? Yes, you go that (cries of "No! no! never!"). Well, my friend, it takes a good many people to make a State. The chosen representatives of the republican State of Massachusetts, Whigs and Democrats, have bound themselves by every consideration, to oppose what little attempt this may be to-day at the expression of free speech. They have resolved that these measures must be final and conclusive. They mean, as has been already said, final on one side; that is to say, final as far as it goes to the suppression of free speech and free discussion.

But suppose they want another slave State in Cuba; would the "Compromises" stand in the way? Not at all. The South are playing the game of "Keep what we have, and catch what we can."

Gentlemen, what are you reduced to? What are your wives, daughters and sisters reduced to? Shall they who are to be in the future mothers of Massachusetts, give birth to children who are to be nothing less than human bloodhounds, whose education shall be to scent the path of the flying fugitive, and whose first aspiration shall be to flesh their fangs in his quivering limbs? That is the position to which Massachusetts is reduced, if this inhuman policy does not receive the pointed rebuke which it deserves at the mouths and hands and hearts of its freemen (cheers).

It is a most important period in the history of the country—in the history of this question—and in the history of the politicians of the day. Our opponents everywhere are looking at the movements that are being made in this State by the friends of free soil, free speech, and free men, with an interest more intense than that with which any of them regarded the proceedings of their own conventions. And, my friends, the calculations they make as to the success of their parties depend upon how low an estimate they put upon the consciences and intelligence of their own followers. The Democrats base their hopes upon the strength of party discipline, and upon an idea of the impossibility of the words of freemen penetrating the hearts and arousing the generous impulses of their followers. The Whigs base their hopes of success, and appeal [illegible] support, upon the ground that [illegible] as they represent themselves to be.

I remember an anecdote which will illustrate this point. In Congress, some time ago, there was a member from one of the Western States who had uniformly voted with the South. At length there began to be some excitement among his constituents upon this question of Free Soil. His people began to be moved, so he began to be moved himself. One day he went to one of his Free Soil friends, and said, "Do you understand how I am in regard to this new question?" "No," said he, "but I know how the record stands." "Ah," replied he, "that does not show my position fairly" (laughter).

The Whigs will, in like manner, try to convince you that their platform does not show their position fairly; and they will look for the votes of freemen according to the estimates they may form of sincerity. They have entered upon this crusade against free speech and free thought, bound to discountenance it everywhere, in Congress and out of it. They will carry this principle into your public counsels. And the oldest man amongst us may live long enough to see this principle striving to find efficient force and action in a *statute*. And if that be so, my friends, you may find that in such a meeting as this, some justice of the peace may be in the background making out a warrant to apprehend your speakers for the crime of agitation "against the peace and dignity," &c. &c. (laughter).

In 1848, I remember, it was not considered safe nor prudent for a man to express his views. They would not let Gen. Taylor say whether he was for or against the Wilmot Proviso; and they considered it fortunate for him that he did not say anything about it. The glory of Gen. Cass, at that time, was that he wrote a letter which no two persons could translate the meaning of alike, and the dispute which has so long existed among the learned as to who was the author of the Junius letters, was eclipsed by the greater question of not *what* did Gen. Cass write, but what did he really *mean* when he wrote the Nicholson letter. But, gentlemen, I do not believe that Gen. Cass meant to be so obscure; but his friends and partizans throughout the country, in their zeal for his election, and from their dread of losing votes by any fair interpretation of it, construed it so as to make it seem that at the South he was committed to Southern interests, and at the North that he was not committed.

This was in 1848. At that time *mum* was the word with those parties. They represented Taylor and Cass as being friendly to freedom's principles at the North, and at the other end of the Union as being pro-slavery. At that time, the appeal was, "no matter what your opinions are—don't make them a political test; don't bring this subject into the Convention." The Democratic party said, "Let us stand by our old platform," and the Whig party [illegible] mum is the word," and it went into the contest without any declaration of its principles.

Well, four years have passed away, and do they ask your practical silence *now?* No! They see such a general caving-in, such a ready acquiescence, on the part of the leaders of the party in the Free States, that they consider they need no longer tamper with your "*prejudices*." They now write the resolutions, erect the platform, send it to the Convention, and tell you *that* is what you have got to take; and that very distinguished Massachusetts man, who proclaimed that even Daniel Webster himself could not be sustained if he gave his influence against the Wilmot Proviso, that very man was foremost in falling down at the feet of the slave power, and yielding the most servile submission to their insolent demands.

Such were the stupendous changes from 1848 to 1852—yet these men now tell you that *you* have changed *your* opinions (laughter). Such is the ground on which they now stand. The idea of being silent, of holding back, out of any regard for Northern sentiments and Northern feeling, is abandoned. The idea of any obligations, binding upon the hearts and consciences of men, higher than a caucus resolution, is absurdity and fanaticism. The man who suggests any higher obligation than his *party* can fabricate, is regarded as an "impractical fanatic."

My friends, the appeal is made to you, now, as of yore, that you will be true to your convictions, that you will stand up in this crisis, and demonstrate to the country that there are some men, though perhaps your numbers may be few, who can neither be coaxed nor driven from their allegiance and fidelity to the honest conviction of their hearts and understandings (cheers, and a voice, "We will do it"). Well, if you will do it—my word for it—if the Free Soil men of Massachusetts, and of New England, and throughout the United States, will stand firm and united as one man, if they will stand as the friends of liberty have stood in times past, ready to rush in where the blows fall thickest and hardest, my word for it, the victory will be won (cheers).

So far as that is concerned, it is no matter who succeeds in the present campaign. The party that does succeed will know that it is because the weight of your opposition has not fallen so heavily upon them as upon their opponents. Gentlemen, you will show to the South, in the coming contest, that there are men in our land who will stand up for the right, let who will be false; who will be brave, let who will be cowards; and who will be faithful to God, let who will be treacherous to conscience. Though your numbers may be few, they will possess a moral force, before which the spirit of the hosts of the most powerful party that can be rallied will quail and tremble. You will demonstrate to them a lesson in geography that they have never learned from books, namely, that *there is a North* (laughter). You will demonstrate to them that though the men you send to the Conventions may subject themselves to the dominion of the caucus-room, *you* are not thereby become subject to them; that when corrupt politicians bow down, they only bend their *own* knees; that the stiff and sturdy men from your workshops and farms, who send them to Conventions, send them to do anything else than bow the knee to anybody; and when you have taught them that lesson, then, and not till then, will you have secured their respect.

Gentlemen, there is a class of men to whom we owe a great deal. I mean the opponents of Slavery in the slave States. It is a great mistake to suppose that public men and the public mind are so corrupt and depraved at the South as you would believe by seeing merely their politicians. There are a great many men scattered over the slave States, whose hearts are with us, and who are praying that, in the coming contest, the free men of the North will be true to themselves; that, by and by, when men in the slave States want to speak out their convictions, there will be something in the free States to stand at their backs, and sustain them in their efforts for freedom. Why, instead of having only one such man as Cassius M. Clay, do we not have hundreds all over the slave States? I will tell you. It is because such a loyal spirit as his finds so little sympathy in the hearts of *freemen in the free States*.

Let them know that there is loyalty to truth in your hearts, and a determination never to give up in this contest for Liberty; that the North will be true to itself in all cases, at all times, and under all circumstances. Then you will find our friends springing up everywhere in hosts, reasserting and re-echoing the sentiments to which you have given birth (cheers).

But if you cast your votes to elect this man to-day, or that man to-morrow, who is not a true friend of your principles, and surrender what you have claimed to be the highest, the everlasting principles of your present and future conduct, how can you expect to have any influence among honourable men at the South? All who want sympathy are looking to you for it; but if you hold your principles at so cheap a rate that they may be surrendered for the elevation of this man or that man to office, they will lose all confidence in your efforts. They will learn to distrust your pretensions, and give up the dawning hopes of a brighter future, which now animate their hearts.

It is only by the influence of a consistent life, by carrying out, in all cases, and under all circumstances, the principles you have undertaken to maintain, that you can give them strength and efficiency, and make yourselves respected and powerful.

Let me then hope, my friends, that in this day of trial, in this great crisis, there will be found good and true men, throughout our land, to solve this problem which is now presented to us. Let me hope [illegible] burned out—that the brave sentiments you have uttered to-day, and in past days, will be something more than unmeaning talk—that you have the energy, the determination, the unflinching purpose, and the vigour, to support, by your acts, the resolves you make (cheers). Let us demonstrate to the length and breadth of the country, that whatever may be the strength or violence of the opposition to our principles, we cannot be put down; that all attempts at stifling agitation we hold in the most profound contempt, and hurl back upon them scorn and defiance; that, however other men may be slaves, WE, at least, will be free, and that we will preserve ourselves uncontaminated from the iniquitous participation in their guilty measures. Let us do that, and the victory is won. Let us do that for the next four years, and the contest will not be then, who can bow down the lowest, and make the humblest promises to the slave power; but, on the contrary, who shall stand up the firmest and bravest—what party will take its position strongest and truest upon the high principles of everlasting justice—what party inscribe in brightest letters upon its banner, "FIDELITY TO GOD—LOVE TO MEN—LIBERTY AND EQUALITY TO ALL."

That, my friends, is a result within your reach. You may not elect the men of your choice. You cannot do that; but suppose you did, my friends, what a poor miserable triumph would that be, compared with that of the regeneration of public sentiment, when it shall be demonstrated beyond mistake that there is a body of men in the land, numerous enough, and powerful enough, by their own energy, to control and determine the political contests in this country, to determine them in favour of that party which is most faithful to the principles and sentiments of liberty and true equality (cheers). My friends, are you ambitious? Does the fire of an honourable ambition burn in your hearts? Let me ask, in the name of all that is noble, what can be more worthy of your ambition than to aid in working out such a glorious political regeneration for your country? What office or honours can any political party bestow that shall give joy to your hearts, compared with such an achievement as this. All this is within your reach. All this you can demonstrate, and when they stand up with their gifts, their offices, and their honours, you can tell them, as did the humble Hebrew captive of old, "let thy gifts be to thyselves, and give thy rewards to another, but I will read the writing upon the wall, and tell you the interpretation of it" (cheers). That you can do; that you may do, and that, if you are true men, you will do. Let me commend this to your judgments, to your hearts, and to all the purposes that can animate you.

A word more, and I will conclude. Most particularly and affectionately would I appeal to the young men within [illegible] to the young men just entering upon the political arena, whose hearts are not calloused by the influences of political corruption. Young men of Massachusetts! A noble heritage is yours; but upon its peaceful and serene enjoyment much depends upon your efforts. As by the labours and sacrifices of your fathers, free institutions were given to you, may you, like them, stand ready to do battle in defence of those institutions, without wavering or faltering, against all odds, and thus preserve to those who come after you, by your manly and patriotic action, what their valour won. Let me ask you, as you are about to step out to perform your part, to look well to your position, and be sure that your feet are planted upon the rock of truth, and that your aspirations have a wider range than a mere party triumph.

There are, in effect, but two parties before the country, at the present time. Upon the banner of one are depicted the chains and scourges of Slavery, fit emblems of its purposes, and under them is inscribed the word "FINALITY," as if chains and scourges were to be forever the highest lot to which humanity might aspire. But, my young friends, upon the banner of the other party are inscribed the words, "LIBERTY AND TRUTH." It is given to you to decide under which your efforts will be enlisted. Under ours, you may not, in this life, receive any offices, or honours; but you shall receive that, in comparison with which, all honours and offices will be poor, and weak, and contemptible. You shall secure the approbation of your own consciences and convictions, the gratitude and regard of all good men, and the answering smile of Heaven. You shall feel that you are fellow-workers with God and Christ, and the just of all ages and all times, in the elevation and advancement of your fellow-men. Though the praises that are lavished upon successful warriors may not fall upon your ears, though the clamorous shout of a mob, in honour of your elevation to office or station, may never greet you, yet when the march of life is ended, when its fitful dream is over, and when the dread summons shall come at which you are to render an account to your Maker, you shall go peacefully to sleep, with the consoling reflection that you have faithfully performed your part in the great mystery of life, that you have fought the good fight where God was your leader, and that He will be your leader still.

My friends, take these things home with you, when you go hence—ponder and reflect upon them in your workshops, on your farms, and at your firesides; and as your judgment shall determine, so act (loud applause.)

THE case of Manuel Pereira, an articled seamen of a British ship, now lying in jail at Charleston, South Carolina, for the offence of having a dark skin, is still in abeyance. The vessel put into Charleston in a sinking state; and this man, a Portuguese by birth, but an indentured British seaman, was carried off to prison, as a man of colour. His captain was charged with his expenses, which he refused to pay; and the man remains in the hands of his captors. His fate would probably be that of other men of colour, imprisoned for their complexion in that portion of the world—he would be sold as a slave to his jail fees—but that our Consul at Charleston has taken up the affair; and the unfortunate man will not be lost sight of.

Lord Stanley, when the case was mentioned in Parliament on the 22d ult., said the case required "most delicate handling," and further remarked on the diversity of opinion among the Americans about "the mutual obligations and powers of the federal and *provincial* governments." The State governments are not "provincial," but sovereign; and here lies the difficulty and the "delicacy" of the present case, and of some former troubles of the same kind. Lord Palmerston had occasion to make spirited statements and replies on an incident of the same character, and other British ministers will have to be spirited, a good many times over, before coloured seaman can feel themselves safe in some of the ports of some of the States.

Not to trespass on the "delicacy" of this particular case, which must be well taken care of by government, we will only just intimate to all whom it may concern, that thousands are interested in this case of Manuel Pereira, and that his cry for justice excites our ears to listen for what is said of such matters on the spot. There can be no encroachment on "delicacy" in attending to what the Americans themselves—and the people of South Carolina in particular—have to say on the question.

Lord Stanley said that a relaxation has already taken place in the laws of one of the States, relative to the entrance of free persons of colour within its boundary, provided they are subjects of foreign powers. The State referred to is Louisiana. Louisiana now allows coloured seamen from abroad to land on her shores for their necessary duties, if provided with a passport from the Mayor of the port. South Carolina is contemptuous towards her sister State for this. The Charleston newspapers want to know whether seamen from the northern States are included in this provision.

By the constitution of the United States, every free citizen has the right to traverse the whole length and breadth of the Union as freely as if every part of it was his home. The Charleston people seem to have forgotten this somewhat prominent provision of their constitution. The *Charleston Mercury* now says, "Let coloured seamen from the North be *forbidden* to enter our ports, and let their introduction subject the vessel to a fine of a thousand dollars, for every one, and we venture to say we should be no more troubled with the visits of those precious 'citizens of Massachusetts.'" Will Charleston, through [illegible] Charleston is very bold. South Carolina likes to be assured that she is very bold. But there is another half to the statement: she is bold under the stimulus of incessant fear. This it is which makes the "delicacy" of dealing with her; and to this is owing the embarrassment of the general government in faithfully carrying out its foreign relations. If South Carolina were a province with a local government, there could be little difficulty; but she is a sovereign State, at present contravening the engagements entered by her federal head.

It needs no proving to the officials at Washington that it is a breach of the spirit and letter of their alliance with European nations to seize European freemen, and lodge them in jail without pretence of offence. They see and feel it as strongly as we do. But South Carolina claims, as Louisiana did till lately, "the right to control, by her own legislation, the whole subject matter;" and she is so convinced of this, that her newspapers "have no fears for the credit of the State."

About the "credit" of the State in such a transaction, there is but one opinion beyond the bounds of the State. As to the scope of "her own legislation," the courts will settle that. The unquestionable consequence will be that if she does not reconcile her enactments with the obligations of the federal goverment in its foreign relations, she will have to sustain the consequences of her breach of those obligations. If she claims to control the subject-matter now, she will have to control her own citizens to bear the issue.

And for what? Because her territory is crowded with negro slaves, who can be kept down only by never seeing a free person of colour. The extravagance of such proceedings as those in question, the folly, the hopelessness, the excessive rashness, are perplexing to Europeans—perhaps to Americans also—who have not happened to visit Charleston, and become aware what it is to live a whole life of panic; to live without freedom of the press—to live without liberty of opinion and speech—to live on the watch for the alarm bell, and within sight of loaded arms; to live in such dread of the apparition of a free black man, that the judgment of the Supreme Court, the remonstrance of the Executive, the righteous vigilance of England, and the scorn of the world, are less terrifying to the South Carolinians, than the drifting of poor Manuel Pereira into their port in a sinking ship.

Hence the extravagance and recklessness which astonish all beholders. Hence the libellous and blustering language in which the sense of coercion breaks out. Hence the rancour against the "precious citizens of Massachusetts." Hence the overstrained air with which the Charleston men do what they can. They can imprison Pereira, and, if the world scorns their act, they can scorn Louisiana for having re- [illegible] which is all their own.

The occasional operation of this abiding fear is very curious to observers who have not been accustomed to be afraid of anything in particular. South Carolina is still in a fellowship of wrath with certain Virginians against the Governor of Virginia, whom they have been threatening with condign punishment for an act which appears simple enough to us. We may repeat the case. An overseer was flogging a slave with great and admitted severity. After many cries for mercy the negro broke away, and, pursued by the lash, caught up a billet of wood and struck the overseer. The blow fell on the temple, and the overseer died of it, to the dismay of the negro.

This was an affair which could not be hushed up. A jury of slaveholders found the "hand" (they do not call negroes "men") guilty of murder, and he was doomed to be hanged. There was some who, though slaveholders, saw that this was a case of manslaughter; and when they applied for a commutation of punishment on that ground, the Governor saw it too, and ordered imprisonment for life to be substituted for the hanging. Most violent denunciations of the Governor for this act were indulged in at an "indignation meeting," called for the purpose of devising punishment for him.

To watch the issue of the proceedings will be curious. Meantime, the story is a remarkable illustration of the working of the fear to which we have alluded. Here we see what the citizens think it necessary to do when the crime of any negro is known to his neighbours. Let us look at it from the opposite point of view. A slave girl of Charleston, who had heard from her mistress' lips the fatal words, "When I die, you shall be free," took care that her mistress should begin to die directly. She poisoned her by infinitesimal doses of arsenic for months, extending to years.

The discovery was made in time to prevent the victim dying immediately, though she could never fully recover. What was done in this case of most deliberate and most malignant murder? The affair was not known among the negroes; so the lady *sold the girl into another State*. While turning over the prisoner to fresh opportunities, and pocketing the money from the slave mart, the mistress claimed credit from the passing stranger for mercy and magnanimity.

Seeing thus how magnanimously South Carolinians can pocket injuries when public danger does not require severity, and how they can clamour for the gallows when it would be perilous to spare the life of a negro who has struck a blow, we can penetrate some little way into the meaning of the port regulations of Charleston. We have a key to the language as well as the conduct of the "gallant little State of South Carolina," as her sons love to call her. We cannot but pity her, knowing that "fear hath torment;" but we must remember, also, that fear is cruel, and take care to look after the safety of Manuel Pereira.—(*London*) *Daily News.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

GILES B. STEBBINS, an agent of the American A. S. Society, recently gave four lectures in this village, on the great topic of the age—American Slavery. I cannot sympathize with that Society, nor with Mr. Stebbins, in their views of the Constitution and political action. I believe that the Constitution is perverted, and prostituted to the inhumanity of the slaveholders, and that it is capable of an Anti-Slavery construction—far more capable of it than the one given it to uphold such a monstrosity as Slavery, or that concentration of debolism—the Fugitive Slave Law. And if it is capable of such a constrution, we are bound to give it. I say I cannot sympathize with the Society in their views on this question; nevertheless, I *do* sympathize with them in their uncompromising warfare against Slavery, and honour and admire them for the honest, unfaltering, earnest and self-sacrificing spirit with which they expose and battle this greatest of all sins—this curse of curses—this overshadowing evil which darkens our whole land, robbing politics of all honesty, and making our editors and ministers a set of venal compromisers. The American Anti-Slavery Society thinks the Constitution is in league with all this iniquity, therefore they are entirely justified in their position; for could I see with them that Slavery is Constitutional, I should unhesitatingly say, shatter it to atoms—the quicker the better.

Mr. Stebbins is a man well calculated for the position in which he is placed. He manifests none of those feelings of bitterness and malignity, so ruinous to the success of a reformer. Yet he rebukes in words that burn, and carry a conviction of their truthfulness with them. He spares not the most exalted sinners, not even "the rabbis of our American Synagogues," as he calls pro-slavery ministers. He holds as sacred the requirement "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him," and shows up the corruptions of politicians and political parties, in all their deformity. He speaks with remarkable ease and smoothness, and deals in great and sublime truths in a manner so fervid as to convince one, that they proceed from a warm and honest heart.

Finally, I could feel that I was taking by the hand a true, high-souled, fearless, noble man, and most heartily bid him God speed his in mission of patriotism and love. A. C. H.

—(*Du Ruyter, N. Y.*) *Banner*.

Important Free Soil Correspondence.

LETTER FROM SENATOR CHASE, OF OHIO, TO HON. B. F. BUTLER, OF NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 16, 1852.

DEAR SIR: The year [illegible] history as a year of movement, of progress, of enfranchisement. In that year it was my fortune to be closely associated with you in political action. We were both members of the convention of the Free Democracy which assembled at Buffalo; both members of the committee which unanimously reported the resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the convention as its platform; and both members of the committee designated by the convention to advise Martin Van Buren of his nomination, as the candidate of the Free Democracy, for the Presidency of the United States.

The grand object of that assemblage, declared by itself, was "the union of the people, under the banner of Free Democracy, in a solemn and final declaration of their independence of the slave power, and of their fixed determination to rescue the federal government from its control." The immediate and pressing necessity of the hour was the exclusion of Slavery from the territories acquired from Mexico; but it was clearly understood that this exclusion, if accomplished, would not be a final settlement of the controversy between Slavery and Freedom. It was seen, on the contrary, that the slave power, resulting from the unity and magnitude of the slave interest, and its firm establishment in nearly half the States, would still be able to control the national government, proscribe its opponents through the action of national administrations, by its old policy of refusing support to any political party not prepared to acquiesce in its demands, and giving support to that party which would most completely acquiesce. The convention, therefore, did not confine itself to a simple declaration in favour of the prohibition of the extension of Slavery into free territory, and the nomination of candidates hostile to such extension; but while denying the right of interference by Congress with Slavery within the limits of any State, resolved, nevertheless, that it is the duty of the federal government to relieve itself from all responsibility for the existence or continuance of Slavery, wherever that government possesses constitutional power to legislate on the subject, and is thus responsible for its existence; accepted "the issue tendered by the slave power" and to its "demand for more slave States and more slave territory," gave "the calm but final answer, no more slave States, and no slave territory;" and declared that "the government ought to return to its original policy, which, as the history of the country clearly shows, was not to extend, nationalize, or encourage, but to limit, localize, and discourage Slavery." Having thus defined their position in respect to Slavery, and having also, unanimously agreed upon a platform of principles and measures, embracing all the important political questions of the day, the members of the convention solemnly pledged themselves to each other and the country, in this emphatic declaration:

> Resolved, That we inscribe on our banner, Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labour, and Free Men, and under it will fight on and fight ever, until a triumph and victory shall reward our exertions.

I well remember the gratification and delight which you expressed upon the unanimous adoption of this platform by the committee, and when, as its chairman, you reported it to the convention. The scene which then ensued will not soon fade from the memory of any who witnessed it. The vast multitude, animated by one impulse, literally shouted for joy. They seemed to feel that Democracy had, at length, broken the bonds of the slave power, and would henceforth have free course in its mission of enfranchisement and elevation, and that our country, guided by its maxims, and penetrated by its spirit, would henceforth exhibit to the world the example of a government openly, fearlessly, and consistently in favour of freedom everywhere and for all.

Nor shall I ever forget the honourable zeal with which the New York Democracy joined in this great movement for human liberty. Their devotion to freedom was not then for the first time proved. No sooner had it become evident that the war with Mexico must result in vast accessions to the territory of the republic, than, with signal unanimity, they joined in the demand for the exclusion of Slavery from the new acquisitions. At first they were almost unanimous in this demand; but the proscriptive denunciations with which the slave interest assailed all the friends of prohibition, shook the resolution of many, and converted the forward zeal of some into cold indifference or open hostility. The radical Democracy of New York, however, stood firm, and when, in 1847, the opponents of the proviso, having obtained, as it was alleged, by force and fraud, the control of the Democratic Convention at Syracuse, rejected a resolution in favour of that great measure, the radical Democracy assembled at Herkimer, inscribed the proviso of freedom on their banner, and rejected the nominations of the Syracuse convention, ensuring thereby their rejection by the people. The members of the Legislature, which assembled the succeeding winter at Albany, representing both divisions of the Democracy, united in a call for a State convention to meet at Utica, to appoint delegates to the Baltimore National Convention, agreeably to the established usages of the party. A committee of the Syracuse Convention had already called another convention, to meet at Albany, for the same purpose. Both conventions assembled and appointed delegates. The appointees of the regularly called Utica Convention were friends—those of the Albany Convention opponents—of the proviso. Both sets of delegates attended at Baltimore. Some of the slave States, as usual, were represented by numerous delegations, vastly disproportioned to their electoral votes, and were unanimous in their hostility to the proviso and its friends. The Committee on Credentials reported against the admision of the Utica, and in favour of the admission of the Albany, delegates. The convention rejected the report; and yet, refusing to decide the question of right, resolved to admit both sets, thereby neutralizing the power of the regular delegation quite as effectually as if they had been excluded. Thus proscribed on account of their principles, the New York delegation refused to take seats in the convention, and, returning to their constituents, issued a call for a convention of the New York Democracy, to assemble at Utica, on the 22d of June, for the purpose of taking into consideration the existing condition of political affairs, and naming candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

The convention assembled, and nominated Martin Van Buren, of New York, and Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, as candidates for President and Vice President, and issued an able address to the people in vindication of their position and action. In this address, the convention, after declaring in the most explicit terms the devotion of the New York Democracy to the principles and measures of the Democracy of the Union, said:

> The head and front of our offending consists merely in this—we had simply declared that, while we would faithfully adhere to all the compromises of the constitution, and would maintain inviolate all the reserved rights of the States, we were uncompromisingly opposed to the extension of Slavery, by any action of the federal government, into the territory of the United States, already or hereafter to be acquired, in which it does not exist; and that to this end we desired, and, so far as our efforts constitutionally directed could accomplish it, we designed, that the prohibition of Slavery contained in the ordinance of 1787—first proposed in 1784 by Thomas Jefferson—should be applied to these territories, so long as th

should remain under the government of Congress. But, before the assembling of the Baltimore Convention, the slave power, in many of its conclaves, sat in judgment of these opinions, condemned them as heretical, denounced all who held them as apostates from the Democratic faith, and resolved to support no one for the Presidency or Vice Presidency who should adopt or favour them. It was to carry out these predeterminations, to give effect to these foregone conclusions, that our delegates were placed under the ban.

The effect of these denunciations upon the timid and the time-serving was vividly portrayed in the address, as was also the energy and decision of the New York Democracy in this hour of freedom's peril.

In this untoward state of things—said the convention—amid this increasing defection to the interests of freedom—the Democracy of the State of New York felt it their duty to intervene. They opposed themselves to the current, and, if they could not wholly arrest, they stayed its progress. In their primary and other conventions, through the press, and in the various other forms in which, in this quarter of the Union, the masses are wont to make known their sentiments and wishes, the voice of the freemen of our State was lifted up to warn, to encourage, and to rally the friends of freedom, the lovers of justice, and the supporters of the constitution. Stifled at Syracuse, it pealed in trumpet tones at Herkimer, and Utica, and has since been re-echoed from every hill-top in the State.

It was in this spirit of devotion to justice, freedom, and the constitutien, and with the noble purpose of bringing back the government to the policy of Jefferson, that the nominations of the New York Democracy were made at Utica, in 1848.

Contemporaneously with the Utica Convention, the opponents of Slavery extension and the slave power in Ohio assembled at Columbus, rejected the nominees of both the Whig and Democratic national conventions, as unfriendly to freedom, and summoned a national convention, to meet at Buffalo on the 9th of August. A similar assemblage in Massa chusetts concurred in that summons.

General Dodge, of Wisconsin, declined the Utica nomination, and the New York Democracy determined not to supply the vacancy, but to unite with the National Convention, at Buffalo, in presenting to the American people candidates representing their principles.

When the Convention assembled, it was found to be composed almost wholly of Democrats; of liberty men, thoroughly democratic in their principles and views of public policy; and of Whigs, whose attachment to Whig measures had been overcome by their devotion to freedom, and their opposition to the encroachments of Slavery and the usurpations of the slave power. The New York Democracy naturally took the lead.

Preston King, a New York Democrat, prominent in Congress and at Baltimore, was chairman of the first informal meeting, on the evening preceding the regular sitting of the Convention. In a short address, received with unanimous acclamation, he stated the principles which must form the basis of the political organization in which they were about to unite. He was requested to embody those principles in resolutions, and present them to the Convention upon its opening the next day, as the views of the meeting. Three resolutions were accordingly drawn up by him and presented to the Convention. I insert them, that it may be distinctly seen what was the line of action in respect to Slavery, recommended by the New York Democracy to the Buffalo Convention:

Resolved, That it is the duty of the federal government to relieve itself of all responsibility for the extension or continuance of Slavery, wherever that government possesses constitutional authority, and is responsible for its existence.

Resolved, That the States within which Slavery exists are alone responsible for the continuance or existence of Slavery within such States, and the federal government has neither responsibility nor constitutional authority to abolish or regulate Slavery within the States.

Resolved, That the true and, in the judgment of this Convention, the only safe means of preventing the extension of Slavery into the territories now free is to prohibit its existence in all such territories by an act of Congress.

These resolutions, unanimously approved by the Convention, were referred to the Committee on Resolutions, of which you were chairman. I have already spoken of the harmony which characterized the labours of that committee—the unanimity with which they agreed upon the platform, and the unanimous enthusiasm with which the convention, with one voice, ratified it. You have not forgotten it—you will never forget it.

That platform, thoroughly Democratic in its principles and measures, and cordially accepted by the New York Democracy, made it easy for the Convention to adopt the Utica nominations for the Presidency as their own, although a large number of its members were already committed to the support of a New Hampshire Democrat, ever faithful to freedom, and then endeared to them the more by the characteristic magnanimity with which he had placed the nomination which had been conferred on him at the disposal of the convention.

Martin Van Buren, therefore, received the nomination for the Presidency, while Charles Francis Adams, a grandson of the foremost and ablest champion of the Declaration of Independence, and a son of the most distinguished and indefatigable defender of the right of petition and the liberties of the people, received the nomination for the Vice Presidency. The first of these distinguished citizens, himself an unwavering Democrat, had been elevated to the highest political distinctions, both State and national, by the Democratic party, while the second, though hitherto in party connection a Whig, was a Whig of the revolutionary stamp—of the school of Franklin and Jefferson—not of that modern school, marked by devotion to the interests of property rather than to the rights of man.

It is enough to say of these nominations, and of the canvass which ensued, that by this action of the independent Democracy, the prohibition of Slavery in Oregon was secured, and the exclusion of Slavery from the other territories was made the most prominent theme of political discussion, and both the other parties in the free States were compelled to declare themselves in favour of it; while the whole relations of the federal government to Slavery were subjected to a thorough investigation, convincing multitudes that the best interests of the people, as well as the correct interpretation of the constitution, demand the total divorce of the federal government from Slavery. At the close of the canvass, it was found that three hundred thousand electors, nearly one-ninth of all the voters in the United States, had enrolled themselves on the side of freedom. What, then, was to be done? No one seemed to think the contest over, and the time for disbanding arrived. On the contrary, the organization was everywhere maintained; and overtures for union and concert came from that division of the Democracy which, during the recent canvass, had vainly expected success from concessions to Slavery. In Wisconsin and Vermont the two divisions of the Democracy united upon thoroughly Democratic platforms, unsullied by compromise with wrong. In Ohio and in Massachusetts, partial union and co-oporation took place. In New York, the negotiations for a union were protracted—conventions of both divisions met at Rome, but separated without results. At length, however, a State ticket was arranged, each division nominating half the candidates, independently of the other, and both divisions agreeing to support the whole ticket. Many of the Free Soil Democrats manifested a strong repugnance to this arrangement. They earnestly desired to maintain their own distinct organization until the other division of the Democracy should be willing to accept their principles of freedom as the political faith of the united Democracy. They expressed strong apprehensions that a union upon any other basis would result in the compromise, and final abandonment, of their principles. To remove these apprehensions, and reconcile to the union a body of earnest men, whose adhesion was indispensable to the success of the united ticket, strong resolutions, reiterating the principles of the Buffalo platform, were adopted by the Free Soil division in convention at Utica, and speeches were made by John Van Buren, Henry B. Stanton, and others, giving the strongest assurances that the proposed union would ensure the recognition of their principles by the entire Democracy of New York.

An extract from a speech of Mr. Van Buren, upon the introduction of the resolutions, will show the character of these assurances:

I will state (he remarked), fairly, freely, and fully, what we expect. We expect to make the Democratic party of this State the great Anti-Slavery party of this State, and, through it, to make the Democratic party of the United States the great Anti-Slavery party of the United States. Those who do not contemplate this result will do well to get out of the way; for there is no doubt that, when our principles get fairly before the people, so that they can hear them, and know what they are—and we have made arrangements for that now—that the whole people will go with us. And our Southern friends, having had things all their own way for the last twenty-five or thirty years, must make up their minds to let us have our own way for awhile, we being fair men, and reasonable in our demands.

These assurances prevailed, and the united ticket was agreed to.

Immediately after this, both divisions of the party met in mass convention, at Syracuse. At this convention, a resolution on Slavery was adopted, affirming the constitutional power of Congress over Slavery in the District of Columbia and the territories, but not recommending the exercise of the power in respect to the District, and only recommending its exercise in regard to the territories "on occasions of attempts" to introduce Slavery into them. The resolution further declared that simple agreement in support of the ticket and not concurrence, even in these views, was to be made the basis of the union. This was certainly a serious retrogression from the position taken at Buffalo, and, only two days before, at Utica; and yet the leaders of the radical Democracy still assured the friends of freedom that all was safe, and that the entire Democracy of New York would advance to the impartial application of Democratic principles to all questions, Slavery included, and array its unbroken strength against the encroachments of Slavery, and the domination of the slave-power; and many earnest opponents of Slavery, relying on these assurances, gave to the united ticket, not a hesitating and reluctant, but a cordial and vigorous support.

What ground they had for such reliance will appear from declarations made at the Syracuse mass convention, and on other occasions, about the same time, by gentlemen who possessed their individual confidence.

Among these gentlemen, Preston King stood very prominent. His action in Congress, his course at Buffalo, his high repute for sincerity and integrity, had knit to him the affections of the Free Soil Democracy. He was formally called upon to address the mass convention, and, among other things, said: "The great question before the American people now is, shall the interests of Slavery, as a political power, predominate over the principles of freedom in this country. There is no doubt that this is the prominent question before the country. * * * There is no doubt that the reason for not expressing such sentiments on this subject as are entertained is the apprehension that the slave States will be lost. There is no doubt that this mercenary consideration hinders many from speaking out what they think and feel. The object of this convention is to unite the party, so that its action may be unanimous in Congress in favour of freedom. And that action must be unanimous. We must require that every member of Congress from the North shall stand firm upon this question. I believe that our conventions at Rome and Utica were sincere and unanimous in the determination to sacrifice everything else except principle to procure a union, and equally unanimous in the determination not to sacrifice a particle of principle. I believe, and we believe, that nine-tenths of the Cass men agree with us on this question. If not, I should not desire this union; but, for certain reasons which are unknown to me, certain men, who have had much influence with them, are not here. Perhaps they do not agree with us, and do not desire this union. In the county in which I reside, there are many men belonging to a party which united their strength with ours last year, at Buffalo, in a way which excited my admiration. They wished to see the advancement of the principles of freedom, and showed no solicitude about the distribution of offices. Let us now be true to principle under this union, and they will go with us, and so will all honest and liberty-loving men; but the moment we abandon this principle, they will quit, and I will quit with them."

John Van Buren, who had been regarded as the Cœur de Lion of the Free Democracy, and whose bold voice for freedom had rung throughout the land like a trumpet call, everywhere arousing enthusiasm, and everywhere inspiring determination, also addressed this mass convention. After declaring, in strong terms, his unaltered convictions on the subject of Slavery, and the existing necessity for speech and action, he said: "I have had occasion so say, heretofore, that I would not support any man for the Presidency who does not believe Slavery to be an unmitigated evil, and who will not use all the power which the constitution and laws may place in his hands for its overthrow. I would give notice now, that the general judgment of the people of this State is, that they cannot and will not swerve from this position; and as for me, I shall live and die by it. This committee have not reported that as a resolution, and have, therefore, fallen far short of what I want said; but, nevertheless, they do say something."

The speech to which Mr. Van Buren referred was delivered at Cleveland, on the anniversary of the ordinance of 1787, just one month previous to the assembling of the mass convention at Syracuse. In that speech he had thus defined his position:

When I have heard it said that no slaveholder shall be President of the United States, I have dissented. Washington was a slaveholder; so was Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. When a slaveholder like them shall sustain our principles, he can bring to our aid a class of men no other man can reach; therefore, I do not think it proper to take such a position, I am, however, the unmitigated enemy of Slavery, and would have it abolished without delay. I say, therefore, for myself—and I wish to be understood as speaking for myself alone—that, let what will come, I shall under no necessity whatever support a man who does not believe Slavery to be an unmixed curse, and who will not, by virtue of his office, use all constitutional power to abolish it. But I ask by what mode are we to reach the object in view? The answer is plain. By going back directly to that adopted and pursued by the immortal founders of our government. It is comprised briefly in this: No more slave States—no more slave territories—the withdrawal of the support of the federal government from Slavery, and the abolition of it wherever it can be [illegible] no power to touch it within the States where it now exists; but, even there, we can surround it by free States, whose action and example will wear it away.

Against compromise, that insidious enemy of liberty, he thus emphatically warned his hearers:

All our danger lies in compromise. Then see to it, that those who represent you are faithful to the cause of freedom; see to it, that they make no compromise with Slavery.

While these prominent Free Soil Democrats thus gave their sanction to the proposed union, it was understood, also, that the measure received the approbation of Martin Van Buren, who, in his letter accepting the Buffalo nomination, had not only declared himself as "approving of the platform which the Convention had adopted," but as "conscious, from my impressions of right and duty in regard to it, that I shall be among the last to abandon it;" and who, in a very recent letter to the Cleveland Convention, had declared his unchanged conviction, that "the influence of the government should be kept actively and perpetually on the side of freedom."

Quotations of this character might be extended indefinitely. They might be gathered from the speeches and letters of public men—from the resolutions and addresses of political assemblages and committees—and from the columns of the press—but it is not necessary. No one can doubt that the masses of the earnest Free Soil Democracy were induced to go into the union by the hope and expectation that the entire Democracy would unite in the great purpose to divorce the general government from Slavery, and resist all future compromises with wrong; and by their conviction that, in case this hope and expectation should be disappointed, that they who were now foremost in recommending the union would be foremost in repudiating it.

That there was ground for the opinion so confidently expressed in respect to the prevalence of Free Soil opinions among the Democratic masses, was sufficiently apparent by the answer of the candidates to the interrogatories touching their positions on the Slavery question; among which answers, that of Mr. Chatfield, nominated by the Hunkers for Attorney General, was as decisive, as explicit in its Anti-Slavery character, as that of either of the radical Democrats. Not many months, however, elapsed before an occasion presented itself for testing, in a more striking manner, the consequences of the union.

Congress assembled in December, 1849, and the whole question of Slavery and Slavery extension was brought into discussion. The result is now before us, strengthened by the influence of several prominent Democrats, and aided by the whole power and influence of the Whig administration. Henry Clay succeeded in carrying through both Houses that series of bills now known as the Compromise measures. It is due to the memory of that distinguished statesman to say, that those measures, as sketched in the resolutions submitted by him to the Senate, though they did not yield a single demand of the Free Soil Democrats, were yet much less obnoxious in their character, than they finally became through the alterations by which it was sought to recommend them to slave State Senators. But it is due to truth, further to say, that not a single amendment was made in any one of the Compromise bills, designed to make the bill more acceptable to the opponents of Slavery. Every change was against liberty.

The admission of California into the Union, secured, indeed, the territory within its limits against the introduction of Slavery, except through the act of the State itself; and the prohibition of the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia relieved the city of Washington of the slave pens which had disgraced it, though it continued to Slavery itself, and to the ordinary traffic in human beings within the District, the full protection of national legislation. The other acts, which converted a vast district of free territory into slave soil—assumed five millions of the Texan State debt—undertook, without any constitutional warrant, to bind future Congresses to admit slave States out of New Mexico and Utah, should the inhabitants allow Slavery—and, in plain violation of the Constitution, in derogation of State rights, and in disregard of the common principles of justice and humanity, attempted to degrade the freemen of the North and West into the slave-catchers of the General Government, were all utterly repugnant to the principles of radical Democracy. To approve of any of these acts, or to acquiesce in any of them, except the act providing for the settlement of the Texan boundary, and the payment of the Texan debt—which was in its nature irrepealable—seemed impossible for Democrats who had pledged their faith to freedom at Buffalo and Utica.

Under these circumstances, the Democracy of New York met in Convention at Syracuse, on the 10th of September, while the Compromise Congress was yet in session. A united ticket for State officers was again nominated; but the resolutions uttered no condemnation of the obnoxious measures of the Compromise, which the Free Soil Democrats in Congress had perseveringly opposed; urged no action against nationalized Slavery; failed even to recommend the repeal or modification of the Fugitive Slave Law—more odious and more irreconcileable with Democratic ideas than the Alien and Sedition laws—but "congratulated the country" upon the passage of the Compromise measures, styled by the Convention, "The recent settlement, by Congress, of the questions which have unhappily divided the people of these States!" Concurrence in this action by the radical Democracy, was a virtual abandonment of the positions maintained at Rome and Utica, and even of the lower ground taken by the mass Convention at Syracuse.

Disregard of the claims of freedom, far less marked than this, had occasioned the Herkimer movement of 1847. Now, however, acquiescence was adjudged expedient by those distinguished citizens who possessed their confidence, and again the Free Soil Democrats, with visible reluctance on the part of many, sustained the nominations of the Convention.

The same conventional action, followed by the same acquiescence, was repeated in 1851.

Still the Free Soil Democracy of New York was uncommitted to the support of national candidates nominated upon any other than the National Democratic platform of 1840, 1844 and 1848, which platform referred to Slavery only in a single resolution, which had generally been constructed by the New York Free Soil Democrats, as discountenancing, not constitutional opposition to nationalized Slavery, but unconstitutional interference by Congress with Slavery in the States.

Under these circumstances, the Baltimore Convention assembled in May last. As in 1848, so in 1852, slaveholding conventions declared in advance their determination to support no candidates, nominated or not nominated by the National Convention, entertaining those views of Slavery which the Free Democracy of New York had repeatedly avowed; which was cherished as sound and constitutional by a large proportion of the free State Democracy, and which had been solemnly proclaimed as the convictions of the whole Democracy of Ohio, by each successive convention, from 1848 to 1852 inclusive. All Democratic statesmen who would not take the test oath of allegiance to Slavery were proscribed as inadmissable candidates even for nomination. As in 1848, so in 1852, many of the slave States were represented by numerous delegations, whose united clamours, upon all questions not taken by States, were able to drown the voices of the delegations of the free States, generally equal only in number to their electoral votes. These numerous delegations were appointed and attended in open disregared of the recommendation of 1848, that the Democracy of each State should send no more delegates than the State was entitled to have electors in the electoral college; and yet, when it was proposed upon the first day of the Convention, to confine each State to the recommended number of delegates, and thus ensure to each their proper weight in the Convention, it was opposed with such vehemence and pertinacity, that the proposition was finally abandoned, and the inequality again submitted to. The Convention, thus constituted, under the operation of the two-thirds rule—which made a nomination impossible without the concurrence of the delegation from the slave States—nominated Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, and William R. King, of Alabama, as President and Vice President of the United States. I have no word to utter in disparagement of the just claims of either of these distinguished citizens to respect and honour for their private virtues and public services. I shall speak only of their relations to the Free Soil Democracy of the country, and of their positions on the great question of Slavery, which is not settled, whatever politicians and political conventions may affirm.

The record of General Pierce, as Representative and Senator in Congress, presents him as the denier of reference and consideration to the petitions of the people against nationalized Slavery, and as the supporters of the extreme resolutions of Mr. Calhoun in favour of Slavery. No public record, within my knowledge, indicates his position during those years following his return from Mexico, when the New Hampshire Democracy took ground against territorial Slavery and nationalized Slavery in this District. In his recent letter, accepting the nomination of the Compromise Democratic Convention, however, after declaring with what "pride and gratitude" he should cherish the recollection of the fact that "the voice which first pronounced" for him, "and pronounced alone," came from Virginia, he proceeds to say—

I accept the nomination, upon the platform adopted by the Convention, not because it is expected of me as a candidate, but because the principles it embraces command the approbation of my judgement, and with them I believe I can safely say, that there has been no word or act of my life in conflict.

The whole political life of William R King, the nominee for Vice President, has been marked by hositility to the principles of the Free Soil Democracy.

With Franklin Pierce, he opposed the reference or consideration of petitions against Slavery, and sustained the Calhoun resolutions in 1837. At a later period he united with the opponents of the right of petition in denying to petitions of this character the poor privilege of reception. In 1850 he even went so far as to move to lay upon the table the question of reception of a petition against the extension of Slavery into New Mexico and California, and, of course, voted for the motion, the effect of which, had it prevailed, would have been to prevent the bare reception of the petition. In respect to territorial Slavery, he has ever maintained the extreme doctrine that every slaveholder is warranted by the Constitution in taking his slaves into any national territory, and holding them there until prohibited by the State law, after the organization of a State government—in other words, that all national territory is slave territory. In the course of the discussion which arose on the petition just referred to, he said—

What do they ask? They ask that, by the action of Congress, Slavery shall be prohibited from going into those territories. Very well; does the Senator pretend that the prayer of the petition does not call for action on the part of Congress? Does he not know that without some such action every State has an equal right in this territory, and that every citizen of the United States can go to those territories and carry his property of every description with him?

On another occasion he said:

I believe that whenever a territorial government is established, if persons holding slaves think proper to go there with them, this Goverment is bound to protect them till the period arrives when the population is sufficient for the formation of a State constitution.

On another occasion he said:

Are we not protected in our property, if we choose to go there? I hold that we are, and that the territorial Legislature has no power whatever to pass any law which destroys that description of property in that territory. They are bound, on the other hand, to pass laws for the protection of property, of whatever description. * * * Sir, I have no apprehension of the force of Mexican law; and if I choose to remove with my property into that territory, I would not be deterred by the apprehension of any such law.

In his letter accepting the nomination of the Convention, he thus declares his present position:

The platform, as laid down by the Convention, meets with my cordial approbation. It is national in all its parts; and I am content not only to stand upon it, but on all occasions, to defend it.

Now, what is the platform thus endorsed by these eminent citizens? There has been little or no controversy, of late, in the ranks of the democracy, except on the subject of Slavery. In regard to this subject radical differences have existed.

The opponents of nationalized Slavery and Slavery extension were willing to unite with their brethren, who disagreed with them on these questions, upon a platform which should leave these matters of difference open to discussion, without prejudice to either side, and in support of a ticket so constituted as to afford a guarantee that the influence of the administration, should the nominees be elected, would not be brought to bear against either side. Honourable men, having a common attachment to democratic principles and policy, and sincere in the maintenance of free soil principles or of the compromises, could not, it would seem, without a sacrifice of self-respect, act together upon any other ground. But the maintainers of the compromises, and the supporters of Slavery were not content to unite with their democratic brethren upon these terms. They demanded an endorsement of the compromises, and a distinct pledge against free soil speech and action. Hence all the interest felt in the platform conveyed upon the resolutions relating to Slavery; and, in the present condition of the public mind, these resolutions may be said to constitute the platform. They are as follows:

Resolved, That Congress has no power, under the constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the constitution; that all efforts of the Abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of Slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolution covers and was intended to embrace the whole subject of Slavery agitation in Congress: and, therefore the Democratic party of the Union standing on this national platform, will abide by, and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the Compromise measures, settled by the last Congress, "the act for reclaiming fugitives from service or labour" included; which act being designed to carry out an express provision of the constitution, cannot with fidelity thereto be repealed or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency.

Resolved, That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing in Congress or out of it the agitation of the Slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made.

These resolutions satisfy in full the demands of the compromise Democrats. They repudiate the construction placed by the New York Democracy upon the Slavery resolution of the original Baltimore platform, and pledge the entire Democracy to the support of the compromises; to the perpetual maintenance and execution of the Fugitive Slave law; and to resistance to all discussion of Slavery in Congress or out of Congress, under whatever shape or colour.

No two persons, probably, contributed more than the nominees of the Convention, to place the Democratic party in its present attitude. Gen. Pierce, in behalf of Northern compromise Democrats, thus wrote to Major Lally at Baltimore, immediately before the sitting of the Convention:

The sentiment of no one State is to be regarded on this subject; but having fought the battle in New Hampshire upon the Fugitive Slave law, and upon what we believe to be the ground of constitutional rights, we should of course desire the approval of the Democracy of the country. What I wish to say to you is this, if the compromise measures are not to be substantially and firmly maintained, the plain rights secured by the constitution will be trampled in the dust. * * * * * * If we of the North, who have stood by the constitutional rights of the South, are to be abandoned to any time-serving policy, the hopes of Democracy and of the Union must sink together.

Months before this, Mr. King, in his letter to C. H Donaldson—that noted man of straw—had thus strongly expressed his feelings in regard to free soil Democrats, and the necessity of repudiating all political connection with them:

So long as a large portion of the former Democracy of the North lend themselves to the advocacy of Free Soil doctrines, and make common cause with the infamous agitators and Abolitionists, no portion of the Southern Democracy will ever be found acting in concert with them. All our troubles have arisen from the extraordinary conduct of those professing Democrats in whom the Democracy once reposed unbounded confidence, and felt delighted to honour. But for their base abandonment of principle, Abolitionism would have still been confined to a portion of the whig party and a small squad of ignorant fanatics.

This statement presents the question: Can those Democrats who united at Buffalo in a solemn declaration of their independence of the slave power, and of perpetual opposition to Slavery extension and naturalized Slavery, or those who, perceiving the entire harmony of this declaration with the great principles of Democracy, have since declared their concurrence in it now supports the nominees of the Baltimore compromise Convention!

It cannot be denied that the Slavery resolutions of the Convention's platform are utterly irreconcilable with this declaration. The candidates represent the platform, and especially the Slavery resolutions. To their infuence and action the course of the Convention, in the adoption of these resolutions, must, in no small degree, be ascribed. It is not easy to see how any man, whether radical or hunker, Free Soil or pro-slavery, in view of these facts, can hesitate as to the proper answer to be given to the questions just asked. To me it seems, that consistency, honour, self respect, fidelity to engagements—indeed all obligations, moral and political—bind Free Soil Democrats to withhold their support from these nominations.

And yet I am aware that not a few prominent individuals, deeply engaged to the Free Soil Democracy, and among them the three distinguished New York Democrats, whose declarations I have quoted in a former part of this letter, have announced their purpose to support the compromise candidates. I am aware, too, that, with two or three unhappily distinguished exceptions, the Free Soil Democrats, who take this course, declare themselves as much as ever opposed to nationalized Slavery and the Fugitive Slave law, and as ready as ever, whether as private citizens or as representatives, to speak and vote against both.

I entertain a very high personal respect for those gentlemen. I followed their lead cheerfully and zealously until, in 1850, they acquiesced in the Syracuse resolution congratulating the country upon the passage of the Compromise measures. Notwithstanding this, I still hoped and believed that, upon the occurrence of a crisis like the present, the Democrats of New York would again "feel it their duty to intervene"—that "the voices of her freemen" would be again "lifted up to warn, to encourage, and to rally the friends of freedom, the lovers of justice, and the supporters of the constitution"—that it would again "peal in trumpet tones at Herkimer and Utica," and be "re-echoed from every hill top in the State."

Thousands share with me the keen regrets occasioned by the disappointment of this hope. Thousands—and among them not a few New York democrats—while they will not question the motives or the fidelity to their own convictions of those who take a different view, fail to see either the propriety or prudence of supporting the compromise ticket, and thus giving the highest possible sanction, even while in words rejecting it, to the compromise platform.

If it be not yet too late, I would respectfully ask those gentlemen themselves, what they expect to gain for freedom or Free Soil Democracy by supporting the compromise ticket?

Is it that Free Soil Democrats will share in the patronage, or influence the action of the administration, in the advent of success? This expectation must rest upon one of two suppositions—either that Free Soil Democrats will forego the assertion of their principles, in which case freedom would gain nothing but lose much; or, that General Pierce, notwithstanding the platform and his present position, will give prominent stations to men whose actions will endanger that very slave interest which he is expected specially to guard, in which case the supporters of that interest will have just cause to complain. Is either of these suppositions likely to be realized? Is it that the extension of Slavery will be checked, or the removal of nationalized Slavery secured? Every one knows that the leading idea of the platform, fully endorsed by the candidates, is the indefinite perpetuation of Slavery at the national capital, with all the reproach it brings upon our institutions and government, and the permanent maintenance, as irrepealable, of the Fugitive Slave Law, marked as it is [illegible] the States, and the liberties of individuals. It is well known, also, that persistent efforts are now being made to introduce Slavery into California, either by an alteration of the Constitution, or by a division of the State, and the establishment of a territorial government in the Southern part; to convert Utah and New Mexico into slaveholding territories, with a view to the creation of slave States and to extend Slavery, by insular or continental acquisitions, in which the system now exists, or may be established. To none of these projects can any opposition be expected from the administration of the compromise nominees, if elected.

Is it that the other great interests of freedom and progress will be promoted? What word does the platform contain in favour of constitutional improvements of rivers and harbours, so important to the progress of the West, and to which the free Democracy pledged its support at Buffalo? What word in favour of land reform, so important to the settlement of the public domain—so beneficent to the struggling masses of our native population, and to the emigration which presses upon us from the Old World? What word in favour of any action or declaration by our government, in favour of the nations of Europe contending for freedom against despots? No State has more uniformly and steadily opposed all these measures of progress and reform and freedom, than that which "pronounced first and pronounced alone" for General Pierce, at Baltimore. Nor is there any vote or act of his, so far as I am aware, which does not justify its preference.

It is that Free Soil Democrats expect that whatever may be the result of the pending election, the cause of freedom will still survive? that the principles of living Democracy will still inspire determination to maintain right and resist wrong? that, at length, the slave power with all the oppression and injustice it upholds, with all its ostracism, social and political, of earnest friends to liberty, will be overthrown? and that our national government will become what our fathers designed it to be, a free government in fact as well as in name, with all its influence actively and perpetually on the side of freedom at home and throughout the world? This expectation will not, I hope, be disappointed; but, if fulfilled, it will not be through, but in spite of such action as that of the Baltimore compromise Convention. The support of its nominees, I am firmly convinced, will not hasten, but retard its fulfilment.

I have thus stated frankly, but with entire respect for those who differ from me, the reasons which convince me that Free Soil Democrats cannot, without marked inconsistency, support the nominees of the compromise Democracy. I address them to you because it so happened that we were co-labourers in the preparation of the platform promulgated by the Buffalo Convention, and afterwards closely connected in our relations to the convention and its nominees; because, also, we both profess the same Democratic faith, and desire the success of the same Democratic measures. I know not what your judgement will be after the perusal of this letter. For myself, I confess that it is with the deepest regret that I find myself compelled to separate in action, at this or any time, from any portion of the Democratic party of the country, and especially from some of those New York Democrats with whom it has been my pride and pleasure, hitherto, to act. Had a liberal and tolerant spirit prevailed in the Baltimore Convention; had no new tests, incompatible with Democratic principles, been imposed; had the nominees represented that spirit, and the ideas of reform, progress, liberty and economy, embodied in the original platform, no division need have occurred. The Convention is responsible for the division. The Convention, which organized a compromise Democracy upon new tests, created the necessity for a radical and independent Democracy. I am ready to submit to the judgment of candid compromise Democrats themselves, whether any honourable course remains for those who think as I do, and mean to act as they think, other than independent action? Let even those Free Soil Democrats, who propose to vote the compromise ticket, say whether we, who refuse so to vote, do anything more than carry out their own declarations and adhere to their own principles?

May it not be hoped that there yet remain many thousands of Democrats in New York who will prefer to act with the independent Democracy, openly and avowedly on the side of liberty and progress, rather than with a compromise Democracy, intolerant alike of the claims and the friends of freedom? I remain, with the highest respect and regard, yours truly,

Hon. B. F. Butler. S. P. Chase.

A memorial addressed to President Fillmore is being numerously and influentially signed in Boston. It represents that 2,100 vessels and 30,000 seamen are now engaged in the fisheries, representing property valued at $12,000,000; that the people of New England and their fathers have enjoyed free right to fish in the now proscribed waters; and that the enforcement of the new construction put upon the treaty of 1818 will ruin many families in New England. Therefore, the memorialists pray the President to send a naval force to the British North American waters, sufficient to protect the fishermen in their lawful occupation.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1852

GEORGE THOMPSON DEFEATED.

The last steamer from England brings the result of the recent Parliamentary election, and we learn, with great regret, of the defeat of George Thompson, who was again a candidate for the Tower Hamlets. The steamer which brought the intelligence touched at Halifax, and her news was, as usual, sent in advance of her arrival, over the wires to the city newspapers. It is a trifling but significant evidence of the universal eagerness to seize upon everything that can be made to feed the vanity and insolence of our slaveholding oligarchy, that among the very few items of intelligence of importance enough to be forwarded by Telegraph, the non-election of George Thompson was one. The Dispatch run thus:

'George Thompson, it will be observed, has lost his election, much dissatisfaction being expressed by his constituency at his desertion of his duties for an entire season, while engaged in agitating in the United States.'

This, of course, was made up by an American, and with an American purpose. Most people who take merely a passing interest in European affairs, and these are the great majority, rely upon the Telegraphic synopsis which may be given, without troubling themselves to look farther for its confirmation. If for any purpose, therefore, it is deemed desirable to obtain almost universal belief, for any falsehood, it is only necessary to send it on by the wires. Few will ever know that it was a lie, and of those few, if it happen to be one which, for any reason, good or bad, it is thought best should be a truth, hardly one will take the trouble to expose it. Of course it is desirable to have it believed that George Thompson is signally punished for presuming to lecture the American people upon the national sin of man-stealing, and so good an opportunity to make them believe it was not to be lost.

Nevertheless, the dispatch, so far as it gives a reason for Mr. Thompson's defeat, is, we have not the least doubt, an unmitigated lie. At least we have looked in vain, in the intelligence published subsequent to the arrival of the steamer's mails, and in the English papers, for the least confirmation of any such cause. And this moreover we know—that Mr. Thompson, on his return to England, met his constituents in a series of meetings unprecedented for their numbers and enthusiasm, and his explanation of the cause of his absence, and of the manner in which his time had been spent, was received with universal approbation. It is, beside, by no means an unusual thing for Members of Parliament to be absent from their seats for entire sessions, and even longer; and if Mr. Thompson lost his election on this account, it is the first time, we will venture to say, that such a thing has ever occurred. But if, on the other hand, it is not the absence, but the purpose of the absence, which has caused his rejection by the people of the Tower Hamlets, then all that can be said of them is, that they have shown themselves unworthy of such a representative.

The account, however, which is given in the (London) *Daily News* sets the question at rest. We copy it below, and it will be seen that no intimation whatever is given that Mr. Thompson's visit to this country was a question in the canvass. His popularity with the *people* of the Tower Hamlets is unquestionably as great as ever; and it seems equally evident that he failed of receiving the requisite number of votes of the electors because he was not to be made a tool of sectarian bigotry. The question of the Maynooth Grant, and not the question of American Slavery, defeated him. Nevertheless, the lie is given out and by this time has met with universal acceptance all over the country, because the people love such lies. Should Mr Thompson or any other Englishman ever come to this country, and lecture upon Slavery, his defeat will be pointed at as an evidence that England is as much opposed to agitation as we are, and that nobody, but a few fanatical Abolitionists, has any thought or feeling upon the subject. Much good may it do those who believe it! Mr. Thompson's release from Parliamentary duty may, perhaps, afford him an opportunity to make us another visit. Such a possibility, when it occurs to our contemporaries of the press, will check the exuberance of their joy over the result of the election in the Tower Hamlets.

The report of the (London) *Daily News*. alluded to above, is as follows:

TOWER HAMLETS.

The result of the election for the Tower Hamlets has surprised the oldest voters in London. Nearly 7,000 persons assembled on Stepney-green at the nomination on Tuesday, and Mr. George Thompson and Mr. W. Newton (late Secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers), were extraordinary favourites, while Mr. Butler was received with "tremendous groans and hootings," and even Sir W. Clay and Mr. Ayrton could not make themselves heard. Mr. Newton said boldly that he thought that the Government ought to find employment for the people. Mr. Butler informed the reporters that he had never signed a church-rate warrant, was a real reformer, that all the ladies were for him, and that there is not a pair of black eyes or blue in the Tower Hamlets that would not glisten with pleasure at his return at the head of the poll. A considerable crowd assembled on the following day at the eight polling-places within the borough. The voters of Sir W. Clay, and especially of Mr. Butler, were received with marked disfavour, and the voters for Mr. Newton were loudly cheered. Mr. Butler and Sir William visited the polling-booths in the course of the day, and were hooted by the mob. One cause of their high position on the pool is understood to *be the course which they have adopted upon the Maynooth question.* Placards were widely distributed, containing extracts from letters from the two candidates. Mr. Butler said—"I shall vote against the grant to the College of Maynooth." Sir W. Clay was asked—"Should the charges against Maynooth be substantiated, will you vote against this misappropriation, quite irrespective of any other endowment?" His reply was: "Most assuredly I will." The Wesleyans were therefore called upon to "vote for Clay and Butler," which it is believed many of them did. Mr. Butler is a magistrate, and doubtless a respectable man; but, as *The Times* observes, "he has yet to declare, and possibly yet to form, his political opinions." The publicans were all in his favour, and have been of essential service to him.

The declaration of the poll took place on Thursday at the hustings, Stepney-green. The candidates were all present. Sir W. Clay and Mr. Butler proceeded to the spot with a number of their supporters in procession; and their reception by the crowd was almost as unfavourable as the nomination. Mr. G. Thompson was cordially greeted. At 1 o'clock Mr. Child, the returning officer, announced the result as follows: Sir W. Clay, 7,728—Butler 7,718—Thompson, 4,568—Ayrton, 2,792—Newton, 1,095. He then declared that the election had fallen upon Sir William Clay, Bart., and Mr. Charles Salisbury Butler. The announcement was received with groans and cheers from the several parties. The crowd was then addressed by the candidates, but the latter were all but inaudible. Mr. G. Thompson said that "should they have the least cause for dissatisfaction with either of the gentlemen who had just been elected, and should they think him again worthy of their choice, notwithstanding what had occurred, he would again come forward. He left those who had been elected to enjoy the honour; he did not grudge it them, and might God bless them in the use of it" (much cheering).

☞ The friends of William Wells Brown, the fugitive slave, who has been abroad for the last three years, will be interested to learn that he has just brought out a book in London with this title: 'Three Years in Europe: Or, Places I have Seen, and People I have Met.' It has not yet found its way to this country, but the editor of the *British Friend* gives it this favourable introduction to his readers:

Having seen the greater part of the above work while it has been going through the press, we can assure our readers in general, and those most deeply interested in the Anti-Slavery Cause in particular, that the volume will be found to possess no ordinary interest. It is something new for a *self-liberated slave* to publish such a work; and when we take into account, that the author is very much a self-taught man, both as regards writing, and the acquirement of the elements of general knowledge, it is really wonderful how one who has had to surmount so many difficulties in his literary career, should have been able to produce a volume of so sparkling a character. It is not that the scenes he describes are new, or that the characters he delineates have not been heard of before, but curiosity is excited to know how *he* will describe the one and pourtray the other.

The author is personally known to many of our readers, and, therefore, we need not enlarge respecting his abilities or his merits. We recommend them to procure his book, and are induced to do so by the consideration, that his main object in bringing out the work is to enable him to educate his family; an object at all times honourable and praiseworthy; but in one occupying the position of William Wells Brown, eminently commendable, and in which every friend of humanity must wish him success.

The book is published by Charles Gilpin, London.

Anecdote of Mr. Clay.—Since Mr. Clay's death, a great variety of anecdotes and reminiscences are published by his friends, to illustrate his character and career. They all, of course, exhibit him in a favourable light, or, at least, not in an unfavourable one, as most of them are of a very negative character. *The Times*, of this city, however, tells one which throws all those of its contemporaries quite in the shade. It is altogether so good that we cannot forbear repeating it. "At home among his neighbours," says the *Times*, "as everywhere else, he fastened upon himself the warmest affection of all who knew him. A few days after his defeat in 1844, he met a woman who stopped to salute him, and burst into tears. 'Madam,' inquired Mr. Clay, 'pray what is the matter?' 'Sir,' said she in broken accents, 'you do not know me, but my father, once your neighbour, always taught me to revere you. I have lost my father, my husband, and my children, and have passed through other painful trials; but all of these together have not given me so much sorrow as the late disappointment of your friends'." "This," adds the *Times*, "was a touching evidence of the regard felt for him by his immediate friends."

Certainly the most touching evidence of affection we ever heard of, and the *Times* is not to be pardoned for omitting to give the name of the woman. A daughter, wife, and mother whose agony of sorrow was keener at the defeat of a Presidential candidate, than at the loss of father, husband, and children, should not be permitted to hide her patriotic light under a bushel, or any other measure whatsoever. We talk yet of the virtue of Spartan and Roman mothers, dead thousands of years ago, when among ourselves we have a living, breathing woman in whose single bosom is a fountain of deeper, purer virtue than Spartan or Roman mother ever dreamed of. Does the *Times* reflect that the Union may be again menaced with danger? But when the example of such a mother, such a wife, and such a daughter, shall be emulated by all our matrons and maidens, we may count upon the perpetuity of all our institutions, and that the Union itself shall be eternal. Surely the *Times* will not lesson the force of the example by witholding the name. Name! Name!

Judge Lowell and the Massachusetts Bill of Rights.—We copied, last week, from the last volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collection, an interesting fact in relation to the Constitutional prohibition of Slavery in Massachusetts. We have since received a private letter from Dr. Lowell, of Cambridge, the author of the article from which we quoted, who relates a pleasant incident which occurred, some years since, in England, at a public dinner, where he took occasion to allude to his father's share in the abolition of Slavery in his native State. Dr. Lowell will pardon us for copying from his letter, and telling, in his own words, an anecdote honourable to himself, and indicative of the State of feeling on the subject of Slavery among the most cultivated Englishmen. He says:

"I thank you for the notice you have taken of my communication in the late published volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collections. To show something of the feeling among the literary and scientific men in England on this subject, I venture to relate the following circumstance: When I was in London, a few years since, I was invited by a Fellow of the Royal Society to attend a meeting of that body, and to sup with the 'Royal Society Club,' which meets in an adjoining room, to take supper previous to going to the meeting of the Society. I was received with great kindness by the members of the Club, and seated at the right hand of the Chairman, who was then Sir Robert Inglis, a distinguished member of Parliament. After supper, my country was toasted, and I rose, as was proper, and was expected, to respond to it. In the course of my remarks, I alluded to the distinctions of rank which existed in the country, and expressed my respect for them. I, however, added something like the following: 'But I have myself, Mr. Chairman, a patent of nobility which I value higher, far higher, than I should do any or all them. My father was a member of the Convention for framing the Constitution of the State in which I live, and on the Committee for drawing the plan, and introduced, himself, into the Bill of Rights prefixed to the Constitution, the clause which forever put an end to the existence of Slavery in Massachusetts. This, Mr. Chairman, is my patent of nobility.' I had hardly finished before there was a deafening shout of hear, hear, hear, hear, and a violent striking on the table all around it."

Who Defeated George Thompson.—As nothing ever happens that, it appears afterward, the *New York Herald* did not know beforehand that it would happen—and, if it ought to have happened, it is not equally plain, that the *New York Herald* brought it about—so, nobody will be surprised to learn that to that remarkable and influential journal the world owes it that George Thompson is no longer a member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets. If the Derby Ministry knows what it is about, it will keep its eyes on Mr. Bennett. It is by no means certain that he will permit it to restore the Corn Laws, and that he will not settle, entirely to the satisfaction of the American people, the question of the Fisheries. On Mr. Thompson's defeat he says:

Elections in England.—When we were showing up the impudent movements in this country of Thompson, the English member of Parliament, and rabid Abolitionist, we never thought the effect of our strictures on his conduct would be to bring about a revolution in the sentiments of his constituency of the Tower Hamlets of London, as to his fitness to represent them in the British Parliament. But it seems that they have had this result. Copies of the *Herald* containing these expositions were sent, by several English gentlemen here, to the Tower Hamlets, and they have had such an effect on his constituents that at the recent general election they rejected him. This shows that if English papers do exercise an influence over elections in this country, American journals reciprocate the favour, and exert a similar degree of influence over the English elections. We have received the following note on the subject of Mr. George Thompson's defeat:

Washington, July 21, 1852.

Dear Sir: I am informed, by an English gentleman here, that Thompson, the English Abolitionist and incendiary, either has been or is certain to be defeated in his election for the Tower Hamlets; principally through the influence the *New York Herald* had in exposing his conduct in this country. The gentleman who informed me, himself sent many copies of the *Herald* to his constituents, with that object, and the English local papers copied the articles.

We are very glad that Thompson, the impudent, ignorant agitator, has received this very appropriate rebuke for his violent inflammatory career in this country, for he was possessed of the most inveterate hatred towards the American Union and institutions that has been entertained by any Englishman who has been here for many years back. Indeed, it is a singular fact that all the English Democrats of the same complexion as Thompson, are remarkable for their ignorance, impudence, intolerance, and thorough hatred of this country—really, because it is advancing in greatness every day, but professedly, as they say, because it holds black slaves in the Southern States. The truth is, that among the whole English people, the greatest amount of vindictive and violent hatred of the American republic is to be found among the radicals. They are more insolent and overbearing towards everything American than even the high nobility are. They are a species of British socialists, and are just as wild in their notions as the socialists of the Continent, or as those of this country, emanating from Brook Farm—a set of fanatics, who are impudent, overbearing, and tyrannical, in all their ideas, and who want to inflict their ridiculous notions on the whole community.

It is not for those who are under the guidance of a master-mind to demur at the means which are taken to lead them into light and truth, else these "democrats of the same complexion as Thompson," who once elected him to Parliament, might complain that the stigma of impudence, ignorance and intolerance is still applied to them when they have so far learned better things of the *Herald* as to refuse to re-elect him. But they must rest satisfied that it is for their own good, and that society looks to the *Herald* to put down the Tower Hamlets.

A Righteous Verdict.—A Jury at Kenosha, Wisconsin, recently gave a mulatto woman a verdict of one hundred dollars against Capt. Lundy of the steamboat Baltic, for excluding her from the cabin because of her colour.

THE FISHERIES.—The latest news in relation to the difficulty which has sprung up so suddenly on the coast of the British Provinces, comes from Marshfield, Mass. For official intelligence of public affairs we are accustomed to look to the seat of Government, and the public having learned what it could from the proceedings of Congress—both Houses having called upon the President for information relative to the Treaties with Great Britain on a question of catching cod on the coast of Nova Scotia — was doubtless anxiously awaiting for the publication of dispatches from the Department of the Secretary of State. The Secretary of State, however, is down at Marshfield, and, perhaps, desirous of gratifying the public desire to know what danger there may be of war, he takes the occasion of a public reception by the citizens of that town to set forth the present position of the question of the Fisheries. This course is unquestionably unusual, but great minds are privileged to be erratic, and, though Marshfield is not the seat of Government—if it be a Royal Residence—it is of little consequence whence comes the desired information, so that we get it.

The public, therefore, is gratified to learn from Mr. Webster's Speech at Marshfield, that the privilege of fishing in the Bays of the British Provinces, which we have so long exercised, is ours by right and by treaty; and that Great Britain for once has "put her foot in it;" and the same public will be glad to know further, that unless she takes it out of her own accord, she will be likely to get into trouble. If we are to have a war, therefore, it is Great Britain and not the United States that will be responsible. In the meantime, it is gratifying to observe that nobody seems frightened, or apprehends any such result.

There is another branch of the fish question on which Mr. Webster is not quite so explicit—and that is his own private fishing for a Presidential nomination. The time, he says, has not yet come for him to say anything on the Whig nomination, so that we are still in the dark as to whether there is to be an internecine war in the Whig party. This question, however, will also be settled in due time, and we shall learn in due time what chances there are of a settlement. In the meanwhile, stocks generally, and Whig stock in particular, remain about as they were a week ago. The cod-fish question must look more alarming than it does now to be of an avail to the Webster party.

THE CASE OF CHAPLIN.—An appeal has recently been made for donations to a fund of $6000, wherewith to indemnify a gentleman in Washington who, on condition that he should be secured from loss, became bail for the appearance of Chaplin to take his trial. The last No. of *Frederick Douglass' Paper* contains the following letter from Gerrit Smith in relation to this matter. The history of this case—the whole of which we believe is not yet made public—should render it imperative that hereafter if any man chooses to follow in Mr. Chaplin's footsteps, he must do it on his own responsibility:

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH, ESQ., TO WM. H. SMITH.

WILLIAM R. SMITH—*My Dear Sir*: The unhappy Chaplin affair is, again, upon us. In addition to several thousand dollars expended in agencies, lawyer's fees, &c., &c., we paid $19,000 to indemnify Mr. Chaplin's bail in Maryland. We are, now, called to pay $6,000 to indemnify his bail in Washington.

If the men of Washington, who, with such rare kindness and generosity, became Mr. Chaplin's bail, are suffered to lose by that kindness and generosity, it will be very disgraceful to the Abolitionists.

Considering that Mr. Chaplin visited Washington contrary to my advice, and that I paid in the Maryland case about $10,000, I feel, that I suffered much more than my full share of the loss in that case. The Washington case, is now, to be provided for. I am willing to loose 2,000 in it; and hence, I have, this evening, enclosed my draft for that sum to D. A. Hall, who is one of the bail. I trust, that the friends of Justice will promptly make up the remaining $4,000.

I am robbed of these $12,000. I have been robbed of a great deal from time to time, in the sums, which I have felt myself morally compelled to pay in the purchase of the liberty of slaves. I greatly needed all this money to expend in other directions—for the cries of our wronged humanity come up from numerous directions. Nevertheless, I am consoled by the reflection, that I was better off without this money than they, who got it from me, were with it. The robbed may feel very sore under his losses: but still he is better off than the robber. With great regard,

Your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, June 16th, 1852.

FREE PRODUCE MEETING IN LONDON.—The (Glasgow) *British Friend* states that a meeting of Friends, interested in the question of Free Produce, was held a few weeks since in London, and that the occasion was considered a very satisfactory one. Several written, and some verbal, reports were received from different localities of what had been done during the past year, and in all the interest seemed to be kept alive, and in some a good deal had been done to further the interests of this cause. Eli and Sibyl Jones, American Friends, were present at the meeting, and gave some particulars of "their late visit to the Western coast of Africa, and especially to Liberia, of which colony they gave a very favourable account. They also expressed their unqualified approbation of the object of the meeting, of the different associations, and of the mode of proceeding; saying it was quite in accordance with the principles both of Christianity and of our Society, and wished Friends to be encouraged to persevere, as, could it be carried out to a sufficient extent, Slavery must fall before it; for, were there no consumers or receivers of slave-grown produce, Slavery itself must soon cease."

Eli and Sibyl Jones, we have no doubt, are very respectable members of the Society of Friends, but we have never happened to hear of them as advocates, at home, either of the use of Free Produce, or of any other measure calculated or designed to influence the public mind against Slavery. We very much doubt, however, if the American Free Produce Association will acknowledge them as the representatives of that body if the measure of their opposition to Slavery is indicated by their approval of the Liberia Scheme of expatriation of the Free Coloured People.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.—Since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act in California, by which all those who were made free by the State Constitution are again reduced to Slavery, the pro-slavery party have received, from the decisions of the Courts, all the encouragement they could desire. The last arrival from San Francisco bring intelligence of another case where three men were again reduced to bondage after having lived for nearly three years in a Free State, to which they were voluntarily brought by their master. A correspondent of the (Boston) *Commonwealth* gives the following statement of the facts:

In the year 1849 a Mr. Perkins, of Mississippi, brought these three negroes to California, across the plains. Shortly after their arrival they left Mr. P. and went to the mines, where they have been until a few weeks ago, when he determined to try and reclaim them under the California Fugitive Slave Law. Accordingly, armed with law papers, at midnight he goes to the sleeping negroes' tent, serves his documents, and, ere the sun had arisen, was on his way to Sacramento, where an effort was made, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, to rescue them from the custody of their enslavers; but, notwithstanding the fine array of talent on the side of the plaintiff (some of whom were threatened with mob law for daring to defend a negro), the effort proved unavailing; and a Southern judge, in defiance of the opinion of three-fourths of the entire bar, decided that the law was constitutional.

The men have been carried back to Mississippi. The writer in the *Commonwealth* seems disposed to maintain that there is a strong Anti-Slavery feeling in the community, but the appearance in the *State Journal* of this advertisement of a slave sale is no very good evidence of it:

NEGRO FOR SALE.—On Saturday, the 26th instant, I will sell at public auction, a negro man, he having agreed to said sale in preference to being sent home. I value him at $300, but if any or all of his Abolition brethren wish to show that they have the first honourable principle about them, they can have an opportunity of releasing said negro slave from bondage, by calling on the subscriber at the Southern House, previous to that time, and paying $100. I make this great sacrifice in the value of the property, to satisfy myself whether they prefer paying a small sum to release him, or play their old game, and try to steal him. If not redeemed, the sale will take place in front of the Southern House, 87 J street, at 10 o'clock of said day. B. G. LATHROP.

ROBERT G. SCOTT, of Richmond, Va., the man who wrote the letter to the Democratic aspirants for the Presidential nomination, and received an answer from all who did not get it, save one, has published a letter in the *Richmond Enquirer*, explaining the silence on that occasion, of General Pierce. That gentleman did not think it worth while to say anything predicated upon so improbable a supposition as that anybody would think of him for President of the United States. Mr. Scott, however, declares himself quite satisfied with Gen. Pierce's position on the Compromises. He would be a very unreasonable man if he were not, though it is probable that the party would survive it, if he had not that satisfaction.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The *Southern* (Ga.) *Democrat* gives us this bit of pleasant intelligence as to the existence of Anti-Slavery feeling in that State, and at the South generally. We hope the *Democrat's* judgment is as strong as its faith:

As humiliating as is the thought, we are forced to the conclusion by recent events, that the Free Soilers of the North have able auxiliaries at the South, yea, within the very borders of our own State, who are doing every thing in their power to bring about the dire calamity of the Abolition of Slavery, first in all places over which Congress has jurisdiction, and then in the States. We do not mean to say that all those who belong to the self-styled constitutional Union party are Free Soilers and Abolitionists—but that there are many belonging to that party, even at the South, who would be rejoiced to see Slavery abolished every where, we as much believe as we do that there is a Supreme ruler of the Universe.

WHIPPING WOMEN.—The Austrians are still bent upon introducing among themselves some of the institutions of the Model Republic. The *Vienna Gazette*, of the 29th. ult., contains the following sentence of the Vienna Court Martial: "Catharina Kreted to fifteen stripes with rods, three weeks' imprisonment, with one fast a week, for having offended the police by word and deed." We can do twice as well as that. The Austrians must learn to do without the Court Martial, and give thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, before they can pretend to emulate our example.

A MAN-HUNT IN CHEMUNG CO.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Havana, Chemung Co., that an unsuccessful hunt for a fugitive was made in that place, a few days ago. The constable of the place, it was ascertained, was in search of the man, for whom a reward of $100 had been offered; but his friends immediately raised the necessary funds, and sent him on his way rejoicing to Canada. He had lived nine years in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PHILLIPS.—We learn from the *Pennsylvania Freeman* that this unfortunate man, who was so brutally captured, and illegally surrendered to the slave-hunters, at Harrisburg, a few weeks since, has been purchased by the citizens of that place. The sum of $900 has been raised by subscription, Mr. John H. Brand giving $300 of it, and at this price Phillips is permitted to return to his family and home.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following notice of a new Anti-Slavery Tale, the publication of which we mentioned two weeks ago:

THRICE THROUGH THE FURNACE: A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE IRON HOOF. *A. W. Pierce, Pawtucket, R. I.*

[For sale at the office of the Anti-Slavery Standard, Nassau St., New York.]

Notwithstanding the mediæval title of this little romance, it is a tale of our own times. As an Anti-Slavery Story, its title is entirely apropos to its theme. The "Iron Hoof" is the Fugitive Slave Law. The "Furnace" is identical with that from which, a year ago, the modern Shadrach found deliverance, "without the smell of fire on his garments"—the fiery pro-slavery indignation which followed being, quite by the grace of God, "a fire in the rear," and harmless to him. In this little book, we follow the fortunes of three fugitives flying in quest of their inalienable rights, twice retaken, but "saved at last."

It is commonly the fashion to estimate a book by its value as an abstraction—as a work of Art. But there are some works that claim exception from this rule, demanding judgment by their good intention, their ready sympathy with humanity; and this is one of them. It is written up to a purpose, and, though abounding in passages of great natural beauty, and refinement, and eloquent thought, we would rather estimate it by that purpose, as a loftier merit, and pronounce it worthy, as a plea for the unfortunate men and women who lie in degradation under the terrible weight of our commercial Christianity. We live in a time when the smallest possible thought, the lightest word, uttered in such a cause, rises to the dignity of an argument. The subject ennobles its treatment. The slave, with his heroism, his degradation, his awful sorrow, his torture and his chains, mutely appealing to God—a condemned Soul, surrounded by the Dantesque horrors of the Inferno of bondage—is an idea that a Shakspeare might only imperfectly crystallize into conception, and the colossal genius of a Michael Angelo only rough-hew into the Titanic proportions of an unfinished statue, suggesting the grandeur it could not attain. It is at once the aim and the mockery of Art. Talk as we may of bodily ugliness, of the black skin, the flat nose, the thick lips, these are but features of the fleshly mask that veils a Soul and all its psychal mysteries; such a mask covered, but could not conceal, the noble spirit of a Toussaint L'Ouverture; and the subject is always redeemed to the purposes of Art, by the light in which it stands. In the thought of Art, the silent skull behind the beauty of the most beautiful woman—the fearful and impassible Sphynx, that ever says, "Tell me my mystery"—only lends a deeper meaning to that beauty. The slave, by his inverted centuries of sorrow and degradation, is ennobled to a fitting theme for that literature whose instincts, even when its logic was worst, and its courage weakest, have always been on the side of humanity.

Any book of this nature, with such a purpose, meets our approval. We would not subject it to the Procrustean rules of common criticism. Its literary merit deserves praise, but its moral more, and it is always enough to say that, though the alms be slight, it was given to the suffering poor, the widow's mite, for God's sake and for Charity's. Such books appeal to the heart. We already *know* that Slavery is an evil; when we *feel* that it is so, we shall begin to act in earnest. The slightest effort in this way, the most trivial word, spoken to help form a proper public sentiment on the absorbing question of the time, is of value, and will be mightier in the end than the deepest political schemes, the most profound plans of Machiavelian policy, devised by state-craft to "save the Union" at the expense of all that makes the Union worth preserving:

"A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile."

W. D. O'C.

ELEVEN WEEKS IN EUROPE, AND WHAT MAY BE SEEN IN THAT TIME. By JAMES F. CLARKE. *Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.*

We know very few men whose "eleven weeks'" observation, over so large a field as that gone over by this writer, would be worth reading. Mr. Clarke, however, unites to a rare degree of scholarly and æsthetic culture a practical habit of mind and an ability to write vividly, which have enabled him to prepare a very interesting book. We should have preferred the fruits of more mature observation, but are grateful for a smaller favour, not counting it small in itself. His remarks upon Art, in general, and upon the paintings of Rubens and the modern English school in particular, are especially valuable, and are not to be found in any mere Guide Books. If any of our readers purpose making the same journey, they cannot do better, after having provided themselves with the indispensable "Murray's Hand Book," than to take this work with them as a kind of enlightened commentary upon the bare facts and statements of the other.

DANGEROUS POSITION AND DARING RESCUE.—Late last night a boat with one man in it, was discovered in the rapids near the brink of Niagara Falls, and stuck fast in the rock. This morning at daybreak, the boat was still there, when a fisherman, named Joel Robinson, at the peril of his life, put out in a small skiff to his relief, and succeeded in rescuing him. He proved to be a fisherman named Johnson, and was fast asleep at the time he was relieved. A purse of $200 was made up by the visiters at Niagara for Robinson.—*Buffalo paper, 19th inst.*

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent symbolizeth the end of the Second Rejection Meeting—The Williams and Winslow Demonstration—The three Rs—An Aldermanic Highlander—The three Ws—Posthumous liberality of Correspondent—His Expectations—How disappointed—Colonel Webb and John Bunyan—Mr. Winslow's Discourse—Character of Meeting—The Chairman and the Bee Reporter—Webster-Whig designs—Commencement at Cambridge—Association of Alumni—The Correspondent bewaileth his hardness of heart—He disserteth on the Institution of Orations in our own Praise—His receipt for a 4th of July Oration—Ditto for a Literary Ditto—Of Shakspearian resemblances—He giveth his opinion of Educated Men and blasphemeth them—He describeth and praiseth Mr. Winthop's Oration—But discriminateth—He giveth his own views and illustrateth them—Dragons, enchanters and giants—Also infidels—What may be inquired into—The Correspondent defineth his position and giveth his opinion of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Parker, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, July 26th, 1852.

Since I wrote to you, a fortnight ago, we have had our Second Grand Rejection Meeting, in Faneuil Hall, designed for the utter extinguishment of General Scott, and the substitution of Mr. Webster as the burning and shining light that is to illustrate the Golden Candlestick of the Nation. By this methaphor, it may be as well to state, I mean to express that the Meeting in question was the sequel of the one described in my last for the Nomination of Mr. Webster, and which may be termed the Williams and Winslow Demonstration. We have all heard of the "*three Rs*," which a worthy Alderman of London, Sir William Curtis, if I mistake not (the same who turned the Highland costume of George IV., intended as a stroke of stage effect upon his Scottish subjects, on his Visit to Scotland, into a farce by putting his own turtle-fed rotundity into the same picturesque habiliments, like the Virgilian hero in the free Highland version, quoted by the Baron of Bradwardine,

"——— he gartered low his leg,
And clad his hurdies in a philabeg!")—

I say (for one must take breath after a parenthesis of that extent) we have all heard of the "three *Rs*" which the worthy Alderman thought comprised the sum of a good popular education, viz., "*Reading, Riting* and *Rithmetic*"—so I think this *Coup d'état* should be known to posterity by the alliterative appellation of the "three Ws," or that of "WEBSTER, WILLIAMS and WINSLOW!" I bestow this hint, in the most liberal manner, upon any future Macaulay, to be worked up for his own benefit with all the artistic effect he can contrive.

This was, perhaps, "the more exquisite jest of the two." I went fully believing that some men of some degree of mark and likelihood would be there to take the thing out of the hands of Williams, Winslow & Co. And I was the more confirmed in my expectation when I saw no less a man on the floor than the redoubtable Col. James Watson Webb, of your *Courier and Enquirer*. But after the Meeting was begun, he vanished (though no shadow) out of my sight, and, as happened more than once to the "Inspired Tinker" in the course of his Immortal Dream, "he went his way, and I saw him no more." The Meeting was again delayed for a long time after the hour appointed, waiting for officers and orators, apparently; but they came not, and the Meeting was again predominated over by Mr. Williams and again discoursed unto by Mr. Winslow, in another written sermon. The whole effect was quite as ludicrous as on the first Night. As Mr. Winslow pranced about the state, flourishing his Manuscript and giving it off over his spectacles, I heard a gentleman near me say, in a deprecating way, to another who seemed highly diverted at the entertainment,

"I assure you, Sir, Mr. Winslow is, in general, a man of sense."

"Perhaps so," responded the other, "but, in that case, he is the very best *imitation* of a Donkey I ever saw on two legs!"

The Meeting was not as large as the former one; but quite as well disposed for fun. It seemed to be made up of much the same sort of materials as come to our Anti-Slavery meetings, sometimes, to make a row. The absurdity of the two speakers who followed Mr. Winslow (whose names I do not remember) was so great that, while the last was on his legs, the Reporter of the *Bee* (the Webster Organ) moved an adjournment. This so enraged the Chairman that it seemed at one time as if he would take justice into his own hands and whip the offending Adam out of his paradise. He shook his fist in his face, and, I was assured (but I did not hear it), threatened to spit in it. The *row* was great for a time, though I believe the business (if it could be so called) was put through before the adjournment. It is believed, however, that the Webster Whigs, here and elsewhere, do really intend to set him up as a third Candidate, in the hope of defeating Scott,

"Which, if not Victory, is yet Revenge!"

The Academic Anniversary at Cambridge has come and gone since I wrote last. Commencement Day was most inordinately hot, which, perhaps, affected the attendance. It was very good, however, and those of the parts that I heard were very creditable literary performances—quite above the average of such things. The recent and, as it seems to me, ill-advised change in the time of holding Commencement, from the end of August to the middle of July, has had a fatal effect on the brilliancy of the occasion. The next day, the Association of Alumni held a Celebration, the Phi Beta Kappa Society having yielded their day to them. It is to be hoped that this will grow into a precedent, and that an exclusive, and therefore invidious, minority of the sons of the College will yield their claims to those of the whole body. The attendance on this day was very fair, but nothing like what it would have been at a later period. The Day was celebrated by an Oration from the Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop, in the Church, and by a Dinner under a Tent in the College grounds. There were five or six hundred sat down, I should think; but a third or more of the plates laid were unused. I do not think this would have happened six weeks later.

Perhaps I grow more hard-hearted as I grow older, but the Yankee Institutions of Orations in their own glory used to provoke me to wrath, and now they only move me to laughter. I used to vow after every one, that I would never be caught at another, and now nothing would induce me to lose one of them. The Fourth of July Orator, of course, has the American People to comfort and encourage, to tell them what tremendous fellows their ancestors were, how they *whopped* the British Lion, and to entreat their hearers not to give way to their natural modesty, but to be prevailed upon to believe themselves the freest, greatest, wisest, best of all possible nations and individuals. But the Literary Orator has a little different range of topics. He has to manage a set of men who consider themselves a little better than the masses, in virtue of their resemblance to Shakspeare in one particular, at least, that of having "small Latin and less Greek." His business, then, is to put his hearers into good humour with themselves (the great end of all American Oratory and Preaching) by addressing them as a Privileged Order, in virtue of their Education, showing them what terrific power they possess, and to exhort them not to hurt anybody with it. The cant term for these potentates is "the educated class!" The "*half-educated* class" would be a more accurate description of them. For I apprehend not one in fifty could translate at sight twenty lines of Virgil, and not one in a hundred twenty lines of Homer—that is to say, after they had been out of College ten years. The number of "educated men," properly speaking, is mighty small in this country (not very large, in any), but of the imperfectly educated men who influence the less favoured class, a very great majority never saw the inside of a College.

Mr. Winthrop's Oration was a very clever specimen of this kind of Discourse. He is really "an educated man," and he did his work in a workmanlike manner. I do not think Mr. Everett himself (the Coryphœus of this school of orators) ever surpassed him in rhetorical beauty and scholar-like perfection. And his management of his subject—"the Responsibilities of the Educated Class"—was extremely skilful. He took the average of his audience in a masterly manner and told them just what they liked to hear. He eloquently compared the enormous facilities of modern orators and authors for acting on public opinion over those of antiquity, and portrayed the mighty influence of the spoken and the written word. He illustrated the power of eloquence by the example of Kossuth, really seeming to think that the electioneering effervescence got up by the politicians of both parties, with an eye to next November, was a genuine enthusiasm, and then magnified the American Nation for having risen superior to the voice of the charmer. As if an army of Kossuths could ever stir that "dish of skimmed milk to an honourable action." I could have given him a better illustration of the power of speech and the press in the example of one William Lloyd Garrison and a handful of pestilent fellows who, by dint of persistent agitation in these ways, have turned the country upside down, made their "One Idea," the One Idea of the whole country, sent two Whig and half-a-dozen Democratic candidates for the Presidency to grass, nominated Scott and Pierce, and, if it were not too personal, who have superseded Mr. Winthrop by Mr. Sumner in the Senate of the United States. Having drawn this picture of the power of the pen and the voice, he exhorted the educated class, who could best use them, to use them only for good. They, evidently, entirely agreed with him, and so did I; though, perhaps, with a slight diversity of construction.

But an Address of this sort is never perfect unless it be spiced with a gird or two at some unpopular ultraisms, which the "educated men" are to beware of and contend against. Some particular dragons and enchanters are to be pointed out for these new knights-errant to tilt at and extirpate. The enemies which Mr. Winthrop especially pointed out to the zeal of his auditory were *the infidels*—quite as canonical objects of the lance of a good knight, as all readers of books of chivalry know, as giants or dragons. As far as I could understand his generalities, it was against such giants and enchanters as Mr. Emerson and Mr. Theodore Parker that he mainly stirred up his hearers. He was in favour of free discussion. He had no objection to having Nature ransacked to the heart's content of anybody. He gave permission to all of us to catch a comet by the tail and hold on to its "horrid hair," or to lay violent hands upon a new planet, or *snake out* a skulking satellite; but he thought it unsafe to subject the nature of Deity and of Revelation to the same investigation. He seemed to apprehend great dangers from inquiries in these directions. Mr. Winthrop must be aware that this is no new apprehension; but one that has been excited and restricted at every stage of human progression. Had his doctrines prevailed in the time of Luther, there would have been no Reformation. If Elizabeth and James had been able to carry them out, we should have had no Mayflower. Had the Church of England had as strong a hand as she had good will, we should have had none of "the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." All would have been the dull stagnation of spiritual despotism.

Indeed, the weak part of his Discourse lay in his failing to point out the *modus in quo*, the way how his educated men were to deal with these free thinkers. As an impenitent sinner near me inquired, "what the devil is he going to do about it?" He exhorted them to frown down such innovators. Now I have nothing to say in behalf of those two heresiarchs. I make no secret of my orthodox education and tendencies. But I must say that I think it will be much easier for the educated class "to grin a wild cat to death," like Col. Crockett, than to frown down those two gentlemen. I'm afraid they'll not mind 'em. However, I do not share in Mr. Winthrop's fears on the subject. I think Mr. Emerson and Mr. Parker both of them very clever men; as able, perhaps, in their different ways, as any men of their time. But I really do not think either or both of them a match for Almighty God. I do not think that He or His truth, in Nature or in Scripture, can be shaken by any who try, either wisely or foolishly, by searching to find them out. I am quite easy on this point myself, and think Mr. Winthrop and his educated class may be so, too. I could tell you some very good things about the dinner, but have overrun my limits already.—D. Y.

UNIONVILLE, July 12, 1852.

"Bray a fool in a master and yet his foolishness will not depart from him."

FRIEND GAY: In the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of the 24th of June, I saw a blasphemous article signed by Joseph Treat, which was so ludicrous and destitute of common sense, that it would not deserve a reply if it did not involve a principle which lies at the foundation of American Slavery, and also which lies at the foundation of Catholic and Protestant Theology, and perhaps all Heathenism, viz: That location and circumstance form the characters of men and make them what they are. I admit that location and circumstances have a powerful tendency in determining what *measures* I shall employ in serving the Lord or the Devil—but they have nothing to do in determining which I shall serve, because in all circumstances I can serve either.

The article in question was headed, Denounce not Slave-Owners. I used the term blasphemous, and let us now see if that is an inappropriate term, for I do not wish to use terms that are not as capable of demonstration as the words of Jesus when he says: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; therefore, by their fruits ye shall know them." A false doctrine cannot be of good tendency neither can a good doctrine be of bad tendency. A doctrine that teaches, that location and circumstances are the necessary antecedent to a good or bad character, is anti-reform and evil in its tendency; but a doctrine that teaches that men can resist temptation and do right in all locations and circumstances is a doctrine of reform, and will admit of exhortation of the most stringent kind. If men are obliged by their organization to fall in with the influences with which they are surrounded and over which they have no control, then all blame falls back upon the organizer and the arranger of the influences. Nothing then in the universe could present any thing in discord with its original design. No such thing as sin; Eve did not sin; Job did not sin; Judas did not sin; John or Nathaniel would have done just as Judas did under like circumstances. John Webster—poor man—he was placed in such circumstances that he could not help but kill Parkman, and then how cruel that the Executive should put a rope round his neck for that which Parkman himself would have done under the same influences and organization. William Lloyd Garrison would have done the same to save the Union that Daniel Webster has under the same influences, and would shift sides as often as a weather-cock, to make men believe there is no higher law than the slave power.

Now I expect to show by a few brief quotations that the above sentiment is of the Old and New School Theologians, so that if Infidelity is rampant in the land, let it be awarded to its own sires. Then I expect to show that this sentiment is opposed to Scripture and a libel upon common sense.

Edwards, the head of Old Schoolism, says that the will is always as the greatest apparent good, or as the strongest motive—that we choose one thing in preference to another because we like it best—that is, the characters of men are formed by location and circumstances. This is Old Schoolism; now let us see if New Schoolism is not the same. Mahon and Finney stand at the head of New Schoolism, therefore I will quote Mahan on the will, page 218, "God," he says, "controls all the influences under which creatures do act. While the existence and continuance of our powers of moral agency depend wholly upon the Divine will; and while the Most High knows with entire certainty in what direction we shall exert our powers under all influences, and systems of influences brought to bear upon us, all these are entirely at his disposal. If God knows perfectly under what influences action in us shall be in the direction of the right or the wrong, and holds all such influences at his own control, what attitude becomes us in the presence of the High and Lofty One but dependence and prayer." This strikes a death blow to stewardship and moral existence, and we can take the attitude only of an engine under the power of steam—we can whistle or pray at the option of the engineer.

By this system it will be seen that the characters of men are formed by location and circumstances, or rather men have no character. If this is not Infidelity, or disloyalty, or bringing into disrepute the character of the Great Supreme—or rather giving him a character which would be disreputable if possessed by any other being—then I don't know what Infidelity is.

Now let us see if this act is not a libel upon the common sense and common sentiment of mankind. Just so far as a man can feel that location and circumstances produced certain acts, just so far he will feel excused from blame and exonerated from obedience to all law and will consider it an unwarrantable assumption of power to call him to account for any of his acts. All blame—all moral law—all self condemnation is founded upon the idea that an opposite result was equally possible in the same circumstances. From this universal admission of mankind arise remorse—hemp-stretching—and State Prison Convicts. I will only add that the sum of Bible teachings sustain the same idea. All exhortation presupposes ability and power to have done differently in the same circumstances—it therefore amounts to a declaration of the Almighty, that location and circumstances are not the necessary antecedent to certain results because those same results might happen in other circumstances and influences. Let him that is able take the field against these arguments and clear themselves from the charge of Infidelity.

P. PIXLEY.

Miscellaneous News.

GENERAL SCOTT being ill of the dysentery, may not be able to attend the pow-wow at Lundy's Lane.

——SOME negroes holding a pic-nic near Washington on Wednesday, were set upon by some whites, beaten and dispersed.

——PROF. SILLIMAN says that the certificate purporting to be signed by him, recommending Ayres' Pectoral, is a forgery, and that he always refused to recommend that nostrum in any manner.

——AT the commencement of the Ohio Female College at College Hill, near Cincinnati, on the 14th, the degree of *Mistress of Arts* was conferred on the senior class, consisting of seven young ladies. The whole number of students during the last term was 102.

——A MEETING of the Free Democracy, held at Philadelphia on the 19th, to appoint delegates to Pittsburgh, directed their delegates to cast the vote of Pennsylvania for John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, and Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, as candidates for President and Vice-President.

——THE CHOLERA.—The presence of a mild type of Cholera in this City is reported officially. It is certain, however, that the present disease is not the real Asiatic Cholera; it is only an aggravated sort of cholera morbus, and there seems little probability that it will become violently epidemic.

——KOSSUTH'S FAMILY IN NEW YORK.—Kossuth's sister, Madame Zsulawszky, her husband and children, arrived in this city, from Europe, some few days since. Kossuth, it is said, bought and stocked a farm for them at the West, before his departure, and left ample funds to enable them to get to it.

——A TREE on Cunningham's plantation, near Lexington, was struck by lightning on the 12th inst., and of seven negroes who were sitting beneath it, eating their dinners, four were killed—a loss to the owner of some $2,500 or $3,000. How unfortunate for him (exclaims an exchange paper) that they were not free labourers!

——*The Tribune* says that that eminently religious and decent paper, *The Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register*, has the following morceau in its last issue:

"ESCAPE OF A NOTORIOUS THIEF.—Louis Kossuth, alias Alexander Smith, escaped in disguise from this port one day last week. We purpose making some comments on this fitting finale of the vagabond's course, but this week we have not time."

——THE *Louisville Times* makes the following statement concerning a grant made by the Mexican Government to the American:

"It will be remembered that Commodore Porter of our navy, engaged in the service of Mexico during her revolution against Spain, and continued in her navy until the close of the struggle. After the war was closed, Mexico offered him a grant of land as the reward for his valuable services, and gave him the selection of it. He selected the region lying about the Gulf side terminus of the present proposed Tehauntepec route, which his sagacity, even at that early day, taught him would be inevitably demanded by the commerce of the world. Com. PORTER possessed himself of, and preserved, deposited in an iron box, well secured, the evidences of this grant, and at his death bequeathed them to his son, Lieut. PORTER, now of our navy. This box, a few days after the death of Com. PORTER in Washington City, was found to have been abstracted from the place where he had always kept it, and has never been recovered to this day. But there can be no doubt of the binding force of this grant, and its priority to all other grants of the same ground. We presume that the evidences of it are in existence among the archives of the Mexican Government, and we have reason to believe that Col. SLOO, who has been intimately associated with, and perhaps is an authorized agent of Lieut. PORTER, made this grant the basis of his successful application to the Mexican Government for the grant which he has obtained. If such a grant as that to Com. PORTER is to be found among the records of the Mexican Government, and we have no doubt of its existence, it of course nulifies all subsequent grants and takes precedence, and our own Government, with the proofs of it presented, would of course be compelled to withdraw from insisting upon the Garay or Hargous grant."

——CHARACTERISTIC ACCURACY.—The *Express*, in a review of Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance, has the following paragraph:

"Blithedale is, in outline and partial filling up, the Brook-farm of the Socialists, who after some endeavour and struggle, were obliged to relinquish the effort to establish a Utopia at Roxbury, near Boston. Rev. George Ripley, formerly a Unitarian preacher in the latter city, and now one of the *Tribune* editors, here, is called by Mr. Hawthorne, in his Preface to Blithedale, the father of the institution, and among its members were enrolled such names as those of Richard H. Dana, Margaret Fuller, 'Howadji' Curtis, George Dwight, of the *Musical Journal*, Mrs. Childs, Theodore Parker, the Abolitionist, Wm. H. Channing, &c., &c."

It would seem to be impossible for that journal to state the most ordinary fact correctly, for not one of the persons named above, except Mr. Ripley and Mr. Curtis, was ever a member of the Brook Farm Association. We doubt if Mr. Richard H. Dana ever saw the place; there is no George Dwight, nor Musical Journal, nor Mrs. Childs in existence. Theodore Parker merely preached in the same town; Margaret Fuller was an occasional visitor, and William H. Channing had only a temporary professional connection. Perhaps the *Express* will make another attempt to enlighten the public.—*Post.*

——THE NEW LIQUOR LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston *Journal* of the 16th inst, says: The new law in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors goes into effect on Thursday next, and we hear of movements being made in many towns and cities of the commonwealth to ensure its enforcement. Committees are being appointed to wait upon those engaged in the traffic, and request them to give it up, and in case of their refusal to do so, the committees are instructed to enforce the law to its full extent. In many places the authorized agents have been appointed, and preparations made for the establishment of the agencies. In this city the friends of the law are making active measures to secure its enforcement. Quite a large meeting was held at the Melodeon last evening, over which Benjamin B. Mussey presided. Rev. Rufus W. Clark, of East Boston, was appointed chairman of a committee on resolutions, and subsequently reported a series, the tenour of which was in favour of the thorough execution of the law, and calling upon the different classes of our citizens to give it their hearty support. The resolutions were sustained by Rev. Messrs. Clark, Miner, and Edward Beecher, and were adopted.

——$100 REWARD.—Ran away from the subber, October 27th, 1837, from his residence on Willow Swamp, South Edisto River, Orangeburg District, South Carolina, a negro man named HOWARD, about six feet high, and otherwise well proportioned, and of a black complexion, full-faced, high forehead, a prominent nose, and no whiskers; having on one of his arms the letter S, or a mark resembling it. He had a scar on the inner ankle of, I presume, the left foot. He speaks with plausibility and ease; is rather assuming in his address, yet mild and humble in his manners. He is a keen, shrewd fellow, walks fast and quite erect, and is apt to bear uncommonly much on his toes when hurried. He said that he originally belonged to a farmer named Joshua Lee, near Clinton, in Virginia; either there, or Norfolk, or Richmond, in that State, I presume he took up quarters. Any person finding and apprehending the same, and delivering him safely into the hands of the subscriber, shall receive the above reward of one hundred dollars, besides reasonable expenses that he may be at in coming and returning. WM. RILEY.

We cut the above advertisement from a recent number of *The Southern Press*, published not at Ashantee or Madagascar, but in Washington city, the capital of a Model Republic. If anybody falls in with a native American named Howard, born in Virginia, of "black complexion," but "six feet high, and otherwise well-proportioned, with a high forehead, of mild and easy manners, of plausible and easy speech,"—in short, "a keen, shrewd fellow, who has taken care of himself for the last fifteen years, that is to say, since October 27th, 1837, he may earn a cool hundred by apprehending said Howard and delivering him to the hands of William Riley, said Riley being possibly a little, bandy-legged, red-headed, cross-eyed Irishman, with a low forehead, the manners of a bull-dog, and an utter incapacity to utter three consecutive sentences in an easy and plausible manner—not keen or shrewd, but certain to starve to death, or to live only by theft or beggary if turned out upon the world as Howard was in 1837. But as said Riley is undoubtedly of Anglo-Saxon, or at leasts of "rale ould Milasian" blood, he has consequently an "inalienable right" to Howard—if he can catch him. We doubt whether, if Mr. Riley himself were to run away, any of his anxious friends would be able truthfully to give as favourable a description of him as he has of the fugitive chattel, or would offer $100 for his return.—*Commonwealth.*

——ELIZABETH PARKER.—This girl, it will be remembered, is the sister of Rachel Parker, whose recent abduction has excited so much feeling in Chester County. Elizabeth was abducted first, and sold as a slave, first at Baltimore and afterwards at New Orleans. The citizens of Chester county, believing the girl to be free, interested themselves in her behalf, entered into a bond of $1500 for her return, and conditioned for the payment of that sum if she did not prove to be the said Elizabeth Parker. The Legislature of Pennsylvania having had the subject brought to their notice, authorized counsel in her behalf to be employed, and the payment of all expenses to regain her freedom—thus seconding the praiseworthy efforts of the citizens of Chester county and of the city of Baltimore. She has, under this arrangement, been brought back to Baltimore, where the question of her freedom is to be legally tested. Two witnesses from Chester county, we understand, instantly identified her in a crowd of some 30 coloured women. There is no doubt that she is a free girl.—*Pa. Freeman.*

——DAVID PAUL BROWN ON THE 'HIGHER LAW.'—We understand that a very respectable coloured man of this city, not long since, apparently in great grief, stopped David Paul Brown in the street, and informed him that he desired his advice. "My mother," said he, "is lying at the point of death at Wilmington (Delaware), and I wish to see her—to take leave of her and receive her last blessing; but I am told that the laws of Delaware inflict a severe penalty upon any of my colour entering that State."

"It is so," said Mr. Brown. "Nevertheless, go down to Wilmington and do your duty. What are the laws of Delaware when opposed to the laws of God? The man that would enforce such a law in such circumstances, would do it at the peril of damnation here and hereafter. My advice to you, therefore, is, to go. You perhaps may be punished, but your conscience will be your support. In addition to this, such cruelty will bring men to their reflections, and the law will be repealed."

Many a man has paid a heavy fee to his lawyer for advice not worth half as much as this, which Mr. Brown dispensed gratuitously to his coloured client. If bad laws generally were met and defied in the bold manner recommended by Mr. B. in this case, our legislators would soon repeal them from very shame.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Deaths.

MCKINLEY.—At Louisville, Ky., on the 19th inst., of apoplexy, Judge McKinley, of the U. S. Supreme Court.

LOWELL.—In Italy, Walter, youngest child and only son of James Russell and Maria Lowell, aged eighteen months.

NINETEENTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1852.

THE Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar feel it unnecessary, on the present occasion, to enter upon any full or detailed exposition of their principles or objects. These have been avowed and pursued for so many years, and with so much publicity, as to render such a procedure superfluous. We would not, at the same time, lose sight of the great fact, that there may be many among us, whose consciences and hearts have been but recently aroused to a sense of the importance of this great question, who, though *feeling* much, may be *doing* little, and who would gladly welcome a medium by which their exertions will be made effective toward the overthrow of American Slavery. To such, we would submit the very briefest outline of our principles and aim.

We regard the idea of property in man as unparalelled, whether considered in respect to its atrocity or absurdity—consequently, that all legislation based thereon is in the highest degree criminal. Any other doctrine outrages every intellectual perception and every human instinct.

Considering the above a self-evident proposition, underlying all religion and all morality, apart from whose recognition the words right, justice, become meaningless, we esteem its opponents, whether slaveholders or the apologists of slaveholding, as implicated in guilt of the most fearful description, both against that God 'who has made of one blood all nations of men,' and against their fellow-men generally, the rights of all being perilled by the enslavement of any.

The promulgation of this doctrine is the end and aim of our association. By its presentation to individual hearts and consciences the country through, we would arouse so deep a spirit of personal repentance and self-sacrifice as shall result in a national contrition and reformation. When this is accomplished, the American slave is free. No obstacles exist now, save those that ambition, and avarice, and cruelty, and kindred vices supply. When the heart of the nation becomes repentant, we may easily trust it to find the best modes of action for the accomplishment of its will. To this result, and this only, our funds are devoted. We have nothing to do with creeds or parties, with political enginery or theological warfare. In the name of the common Father of all, and in behalf of humanity, in its most suffering and outraged form, we appeal for help to all of every class, creed, clime or nation. Great as is the work, few and humble as are the labourers, we feel exonerated from all charge of presumption or folly as respects its undertaking. We are working in harmony with agencies vast as inscrutable, and it is not for us to draw back from this field of moral conflict, because to human vision the contending parties are so unequally matched.

We entreat that this appeal may be considered a personal one to all whose eyes it shall reach. We conjure you, the dwellers throughout this broad country, to recognise an individual responsibility in this matter. Look beyond the petty emotions and interests of a merely mundane or conventional life, and ask, if the question of *your* duty to three millions of slaves was not settled for you, by the fact that your birthplace was the United States. This cause has claims on all, but in an especial manner on those who by the very circumstance of position, must be, if not its opponents, its abettors. We ask your sympathy, your money, your time and influence, and proffer a medium through which all may be successfully employed. Any information necessary to individuals or associations desiring to co-operate with us, may be obtained by application to any member of the undersigned Committee.

Donations of money, or articles or materials for manufacture, may be sent to any member of the Committee, directed to the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, Boston, 142 Nassau street, New York, or to 31 North Fifth street Philadelphia. Donations for the publication of the Liberty Bell, and communications for the same, may be addressed to A. W. Weston, Weymouth, Mass.

ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ELIZABETH A. COTTON,
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS,	LYDIA PARKER,
LOUISA LORING,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
HELEN E. GARRISON,	SARAH SHAW RUSSEL,
CATHERINE SARGENT,	MARIA LOWELL,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	THANKFUL SOUTHWICK,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
MARY MAY,	ANN R. BRAMHALL,
SARAH R. MAY,	HANNAH TUFTS,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,	SARAH B. SHAW,
FRANCIS MARY ROBBINS,	ELIZABETH GAY,
MARIA W. CHAPMAN,	MARY WILLEY,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA L. FOLLEN,	CHARLOTTE S. SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ELIZA F. EDDY,

MARY H. JACKSON.

THE JUBILEE!

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION!

THE Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society hereby notify the friends of impartial freedom, without distinction of party or organization, in this Commonwealth, that a GRAND MASS CELEBRATION of the Anniversary of WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION will be held in the beautiful Grove at FRAMINGHAM, on TUESDAY, August 3d, at which, all, who are longing and labouring to witness a similar, but still more glorious, event in the United States, are cordially invited. No occurrence in human history is more deserving of commemoration than this, being unparalleled in its nature, and unequalled in the greatness of the change effected in the condition of a down-trodden and cruelly oppressed race. Let it be duly observed, with a two-fold object.

The Rail Road Company have agreed to take passengers from Boston to the Grove at South Framingham, and bring them back to the city, on the following terms: Adults, 50 cents each; children, under 15 years of age, 25 cents each. The same terms will be allowed at Worcester, and for the Milford Branch. The prices will be uniform, without reference to the distance travelled.

Those going from Boston will leave in the train for Saxonville, at half past 8 o'clock, A. M. Returning, will leave the Grove at half past 5, P. M.

There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers on the occasion. It is believed the services will be unusually interesting. Further particulars next week.

EDMUND QUINCY, Sec'y. FRANCIS JACKSON, Pres.

West India Emancipation.

THE next Anniversary of West India Emancipation, like the Fourth of July, will come on Sunday. It will be celebrated by a Pic Nic, in the Grove at Spring Mill, on the Philadelphia and Norristown Railroad, on SATURDAY, July 31, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. The place is convenient of access from Philadelphia, Norristown, and the surrounding country, and we hope to see a large and enthusiastic gathering. The different families and groups will provide their own refreshments.

Excursion tickets for passengers from Philadelphia and back on the day of the celebration, will be furnished at 40 cents. It is important, however, that those who intend to go should leave their names at the Anti-Slavery Office, at as early a day as possible, in order that it may be known how many tickets will be required. As this is the season for excursions, and as the ride is as agreeable as the object is important, we hope a large number of people will send in their names.

The arrangements for speakers are not definitely made. We *hope* to have an address from Rev. W. H. FURNESS. At any rate, we depend on the attendance of Lucretia Mott, Rev. Samuel Aaron, J. M. McKim, Robert Purvis, and other well-known advocates of the Cause.

Christiana Rescue Trials.

A HISTORY of the Trial of Castner Hanway and others for Treason; with an introduction upon the History of the Slave Question—a pamphlet of 86 pp. For sale at this Office—25 cts.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Copies of this work may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau St.

Miscellaneous Department.

LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

The learned Jesuit, Hardouin, in his work upon Chronology and Coins, published in 1636, somewhat startled the weak minds of his readers, by the bold assertion that the ancient history, which is so dear to the learned men of the present day, through the delightful agency of Doctor Goldsmith and others, had been entirely re-manufactured in the thirteenth century, with the aid of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace—the only works which, according to him, belonged to antiquity—the Bucolics, and the Æneid of Virgil, the Odes, and the Art of Poetry, of Horace, and all the collection of poets, historians, and ancient writers in general, whom we are unfortunately addicted to admiring, having been, according to the same veracious authority, fabricated by the monks of the middle ages.

We have not been in the habit of of paying much more attention to such erudite speculations as that of our friend, the Jesuit, than they deserve; but the other day, "a very modern instance"—that of the Shelley forgeries—set us wondering upon the subject of literary mystification in general. The Jesuitical hypothesis presented itself with more than usual force, and led us, insensibly, through a long catalogue of impostures, some of the most prominent of which we will note for the benefit of our readers.

Before the Revival of Letters, errors, such as those in question, were made through ignorance; but after that period, as befitted a more advanced degree of civilization—it was by fraudulent means that the learned were misled. It was one of the favourite amusements of the learned of the sixteenth century, to mystify one another. In many cases, the only motive seems to have been the gratification of some personal whim, or the bewilderment of some literary associate. But we now and then find examples of elaborate attempts to misrepresent history, and to confuse names and dates to a most mischievous extent.

Of the latter class, a very large number of forgeries and fictions were concocted for political purposes. Among these may be included the false *Decretals* of Isidore, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and, for eight hundred years, formed the fundamental basis of the Canon Law, the disciples of the church, and even the faith of Christianity; the deception of young Maitland, who, in order to palliate the crime of the assassination of the Regent Murray, drew up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, in which they were made to plan the dethronement of the young king, and the substitution of the regent in his place; and the story of the "bloody Colonel Kirk," related by Hume and others, which was originally told of a very different person in a previous age.

The great majority, however, of deceptions of the kind seem to have been contrived without any other object than the mere artistic love of ingenuity, to which the credulity or mystification of the learned was a flattering and irrisistible tribute.

One of the boldest and most uncompromising of a very mischievous class of literary imposters was Annius of Viterbo. Annius published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards, he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from well-known authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the author he forged—were gradually detected, and at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery: while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Annius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, the declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. One historian died of grief for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of Annius. Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved; and the silence of Annius in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt as to whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of these giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings as a forgery, and has been equally rejected and defended.

It should not be forgotten that the statements of Annius received a supposed confirmation in some pretended remains of antiquity which were dug up in the grounds of the Inghirami family. These remains—which were Etruscan—consisted of inscriptions, and some fragments of an ancient chronicle. Curtius Inghirami had no doubt of their authenticity, and published a quarto volume of more than a thousand pages in their support. Nevertheless, they bore self-evident marks of modern times. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters: it was more difficult to defend the small italic letter, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides which, there were dots on the letter i, a custom not practiced until the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary. But, Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives.

The only conjecture respecting the origin of these "antiquities," that has any reasonable foundation, is, that they were manufactured by one of the Inghirami family; who, some fifty years previously, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and who might have been influenced by a desire to establish the antiquity of the family estate.

The writing of Christopher Columbus has, on more than one occasion, furnished a subject for fraudulent ingenuity. The Prayer-book presented to him by the Pope, and which he bequeathed to the Genoese republic, contains a codicil, purporting to be in his own hand-writing; but which, apparently on very good grounds, has been pronounced a forgery. Only the other day we were told of a bottle having been picked up at sea, containing, it was alleged, an account of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. This last appears to be a very promising performance of our friends the Americans—not very ingeniously contrived, and classified by comparisons with other perversions of human dexterity, not rising much beyond the dignity of a hoax.

Petrach's first meeting with Laura took place in the church of St. Clair, on a Good Friday, the sixth of April, 1327, so says the well-known inscription in Petrach's Virgil. Alas for the belief of our youth! This famous inscription is said to be a forgery. The sixth of April, 1327, had, it seems, the perverseness to fall upon a Monday. But facts and figures are proverbially impertinent. The forger seems to have rather misunderstood the second sonnet in the printed editions (which differ somewhat from the MS.), and never to have got so far as the ninety-first sonnet, which would have informed him that the meeting took place, not in a church, but in a meadow. The Laura of Sade, moreover, is ascertained not to be the Laura of Petrach, but Laura de Baux, who resided in the vicinity of Vaucluse, who died young, like all those "whom the gods love," and died, we are happy to say, for Petrach's sake, unmarried.

It is pleasant to find an attempt to impose a fiction upon the world, fail most egregiously. Such was the fate of the nevertheless deeply planned scheme of the Duke de la Vallière and the Abbé d St. Leger. Those two notabilities attempted to palm off upon the great bibliopolist De Bure, a copy of a work which had long existed in name, but of which no person had ever seen a copy. This was the *De Tribus Impostoribus*. A work with this name was manufactured by the Duke and the Abbé, who caused it to be printed in the Gothic character, with the date of 1598. Their intention was to sell copies of it by degrees, at very high prices; and De Bure was honoured by being made the subject of their first experiment. That learned man, however, at once discovered the cheat, and the discomfiture of the concoctors was most signal. De Bure made two enemies by this piece of sagacity; who subsequently attempted to write down his reputation.

Spain has produced several very accomplished forgers. About the end of the sixteenth century, a Jesuit, named Jerome Romain Higuera, applied himself to the task of making up for the silence of the historian on the subject of the establishment of Christianity in Spain. By the aid of popular traditions, and of every kind of document which he could collect, he composed several chronicles, and ascribed the most important of them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, but whose histories were lost. He made a confidant of Torialba, one of the brothers of his order; who, going to Germany, lost no time in announcing that he had found in the library of Fulde an authentic MS. containing the chronicles in question. The Jesuits believed this story, and Torialba addressed a copy of the MS. to Calderon, who published it at Saragossa (4to. 1619), under the title of *Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri, cum Chronico Marci Maximi, et Additionibus S. Branlionis et Helecani*. Higuera, who went so far as to pretend to enlighten various parts of this work by notes, did not live to see its publication, nor the controversies caused thereby. Gabriel Pennot, an Augustin, was the first to attack the authenticity of these chronicles, and he had for an adversary Thomas Vargas, whom he soon reduced to silence.

The imposture of Joseph Vella will be long remembered. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador from Morocco in a visit which that diplomatist made to the Abbey of St. Martin, and where he was admitted to see a very ancient Arabic manuscript. Being aware of the desire which existed to find in the Arabic writings materials for the completion of the history of Sicily, in which there was a gap of two centuries, Vella took the hint, and, after the departure of the ambassador, asserted that he had found in the library of the Abbey a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and the sovereigns of Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended discovery, and to give it additional importance in the eyes of his protector, Airoldi, archbishop of Heraclea, who paid all the expenses of his researches, Vella manufactured a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco, in which he made the latter give an assurance that there existed in the library of Fez a second and more complete copy of the manuscript found in the library of St. Martin; that another work in continuation of the manuscript had been discovered; and also a series of medals, confirmatory of the history and chronology of the document in question.

The imposture had such success, that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation of the supposed manuscript, wished to send him on a mission to Morocco, to make further inquiries. This was as unfortunate a turn as the royal favour could take; but, luckily for Vella, circumstances occurred to avert the disaster.

The translation of the Arabic manuscript had been announced in all the journals of Europe. The first volume was published in 1789, under the sanction of Airoldi. The sixth volume appeared in 1792, and was to be followed by two others. Vella was everywhere courted, and loaded with pensions and honours. Airoldi, however, having caused a fac-similie of the original manuscript—which Vella had taken great pains to alter and make nearly illegible—doubts arose as to its authenticity; and finally, after the "translation" had been everywhere read, everywhere celebrated, and everywhere extracted from, the whole was found to be a deception. The original manuscript was nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family, and had no relation to Sicily whatever. Vella was induced to confess his imposture, but did not until he had been threatened with torture.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter which he passed at Basle by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena; and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Cattulus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But, this time, he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor of Jena, Eichstadt, announced, in the following year, that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript, in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody, committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spanaro.

Poetical forgers have been comparatively scarce. One of the most distinguished of these was Vanderbourg, who in 1803, published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a female writer, said to be contemporary of Charles the Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Surville, who was executed under the directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which perhaps did not penetrate into France until towards 1475; her mention of the seven satelites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens, in 1635, and the last by Herschel, in 1789; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and delicacy—sufficient indeed to induce any person with a love of approbation not simply diseased and fraudulent, to avow the authorship.

About the same period Fabre d'Olivet published the "Poesies Occitaniques," a work which professed to be a translation from the Provençal and Langue d'Oc; and in his notes he inserted fragments of the pretended originals. "These passages," says Raynouard, "written with spirit and grace, and often with energy, have deceived the critics, who believed them original, and have quoted them as such. Wishing to give to these fragments of his composition the advantage of passing for authentic, the author employed a means equally ingenious and piquant. In one of the works professing to be translated, he mingled some passages drawn from the poetical manuscripts of the Troubadours; and by this mixture of veritable and fictitious fragments, he found it more easy to seduce the credulity of the critics. He did more; as the language of the old Troubadours, from whom he had quoted passages in his notes, had some obscurities, which, being cleared away, would perhaps have facilitated the discovery of the fraud, he reduced their language to the idiom which he used himself; and by this means it became much more difficult to doubt the authenticity of these pretended productions, which, for the rest, have a real merit of their own, under any aspect."

The French have from the first been peculiarly felicitous in this dangerous talent. Everybody at one time believed in Varillas, the French historian, until some first-rate scholars succeeded in the difficult task of destroying his great reputation. Varillas was famous, especially, for the *exclusive* nature of his historical and courtly anecdotes; and it was believed that he had the secrets of every cabinet in Europe at his finger's ends. But notwithstanding his parade of the most minute matters—titles, correspondence, memoirs, it became apparent, in the end, that he had been indebted to his invention, simply, for all this very exclusive knowledge. Yet it is impossible to read him and to withstand his plain, straightforward semblance of sincerity.

Then there was the celebrated "Voyage Round the World," written by a Neapolitan nobleman, named Carreri, who, it has been said, braved every peril of sea and savages very comfortably in his own chamber, which he never quitted for years, owing to a serious indisposition. There is every probability, however, according to more recent accounts, that Carreri was unjustly accused—that he had previously visited the places he describes. Still for some years, his book was believed to be an imposture. The Travels of Damberger, which made a great sensation in their day, differed from these last: they were undoubtedly genuine—as a fiction.

Disraeli, the Elder, notices a singular imposition which has been practised by a variety of authors, of announcing a variety of titles of works "preparing for the press," but of which nothing but the titles were ever written. This system seems to have been very considerably practised by Paschal, historiographer of France, "for obvious reasons," as the phrase goes: he received a pension for writing on the history of France, and was obliged in decency to announce-titles, at any rate. When he died, it is stated that his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

We find Gregorio Leti mentioned as an historian of the same class as Varillas. "He took everything too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history, which are not to be found elsewhere; and which perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted."

Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, mystified a vast number of persons by the circumstantial and picturesque manner in which he wrote his travels. His book is said to be apocryphal; but it is written with a wonderful appearance of truth.

An anecdote of a very recent date will conclude the list—as far as we are at present in a condition to extend it—of the most curious continental mystifications.

At the commencement of 1836, the French and foreign journals announced that the Greek translation of the Phœnician historian, Sanchoniathon, by Philon de Byblos, had been discovered in a convent in Portugal. This discovery astonished the whole learned world—not a very large body to astonish, by the way—but they were truly astonished, because nothing remained to them of the work in question but fragments quoted by Eusebius. Some months later, however, there appeared at Hanover a German treatise, purporting to be an analysis of the primitive history of the Phœnicians, founded upon the newly-discovered complete translation of Philon, with observations by F. Wagenfield. This publication contained, in addition, a fac-simile of the manuscript, and a preface by the learned Grotefend, director of the Lyceum of Hanover. But our "learned friend" last mentioned, soon found that he had been completely the dupe of Wagenfield, a young student at Brema, whose work, however, displayed considerable imagination, and profound knowledge. In spite, however, of the pompous announcements which were several times made, the Greek text never appeared. The fragments, of which Wagenfield has given a German version, have been produced in French, by M. Le Bas.

So much for the exploits of our continental neighbours in this very fruitful field. How far our own countrymen are prepared to contest with them the palm of imposture, we shall show upon an early occasion.—*Dickens Household Words.*

A ROMANTIC TALE OF A YOUNG PRUSSIAN OFFICER.

An amusing story, fresh from head quarters, has caused, it is said, great dissension among the ladies of the government. The disappearance of "the young Prussian officer" (for we Parisian *badauds* knew him by no other name), without any ostensible cause—his absence from the review and from the balls where for many fair ladies he was reckoned upon as the great attraction—have given rise to many speculations; but the truth has at last been revealed by chattering tongues, and whispered amongst the higher classes with so much secrecy that everybody knows it. The young Prussian officer, it was supposed as first, had come amongst us for the sole purpose of exhibiting the richness of his costume, and the poverty of our language which could find no words to describe his many perfections. He was, indeed, a gifted creature. His figure magnificent, his features splendid, his uniform snow white and gold, his helmet of solid silver with an aigrette of virgin gold—his vest was embroidered in precious stones of great value, and his sword hilt flashed with tantalising brilliancy; and yet, such is the power of association, that amid all this, nothing was observed by our fair dames but the long tail of horse hair which depended from his helmet, and which the uninitiated very likely thought the sole blemish of his rich costume; but it was, nevertheless, to this tail alone that was attached the whole interest of the "young Prussian officer." It appears that he owed his exile from the Court of Berlin, and consequently, his visit to us, to the story which has got abroad concerning this very tail, and which—as the antiquaries say when speaking of an interesting legend concerning their mouldy old relics—"runs as follows:" The young officer had attracted the attention of a fair relative of his Sovereign, a crime which Frederick the Great punished with so much cruelty in the case of Trenck, and the youth was consequently warned by friends and watched by enemies for some time with unceasing vigilance. For some time also did the lovers act with the greatest prudence, and it began to be supposed that a secret marriage might perhaps be the reward of his constancy, when one day it pleased his Majesty the King of Prussia to imitate the Prince President of France and give a grand review. It so happened that the Palace where dwelt the enamoured princess was situated on the Platz where was stationed the regiment of the young Prussian officer. The heat was great, the hours were long—the handkerchief waved invitingly from the Princess's balcony, and, unable to resist the temptation, the young Prussian officer dismounted and rushed up the stairs of the Palace, intending but to remain a moment. The King was not yet at the head of the line—there would be plenty of time for a short interview—besides, the trumpet would give notice of the King's approach, and no harm could possibly arise. And the trumpet did sound sure enough, once, twice, and thrice, as the King rode down the lines, pausing to compliment the officers and to inspect the men, and still the young Prussian officer remained in the lady's boudoir, forgetful of all save of her presence and of his own delight. Presently, however, a sound more terrific at that moment then awoke him from his dream, the sound of the clarions beneath the windows of the very room where he was sitting, summoning his own battalion to horse on the approach of the King. He started up in terror, and in so doing upset the small table which stood by the chimney, and upon which he had deposited the helmet he had taken from his head on entering. Of course, the fates took care that the helmet should roll into the fire which was blazing on the hearth, and in an instant the tail of horse-hair was in a blaze. The officer gazed upon it in stupour, it was singed to the very stump, nothing remained of the glorious and flowing tail but a wisp of frizzled hairs, and a somewhat unsavory smell. His despair was at its height when the second summons sounded with insulting distinctness. To appear before his sovereign, so precise, so particular in military matters, was not to be thought of; he saw dishonour, dismissal, perhaps death itself, staring him in the face, if he remained thus concealed where he was—when suddenly his despair was changed to joy—the Princess, who had rushed from the room on the accident, re-appeared breathless and excited, holding in one hand a tail of more ebony hue, of more silky texture than the one destroyed, and in the other the scissors with which she had perpetrated the work of spoliation upon her own fair head. To attach the flowing appendage to the crest of the helmet, to place the accoutrements of her lover in order was the work of a moment, and before the third summons had sounded the youth was sitting firm and erect upon his saddle at the head of his detachment, looking calm and quiet as the rest, while his heart was fluttering with uncontrolled delight. The story got abroad at the court of Prussia, it even reached us here long before the young soldier had arrived, and has already formed the subject of one or two *nouvellettes* by our best authors, and in short it reached the ears of the King, who immediately gave orders that the young man should travel for a while; but with that paternal goodness for which the Prussian monarchs have ever been remarkable, he encouraged the culprit to hope that his case might be taken into consideration—and that some compromise might be made—in short, that if his behaviour would be satisfactory, he might not only obtain his pardon, but the full realization of all his hopes in a union with the Princess. It was under these circumstances that he arrived here, never dreaming of the treachery of man or the craft and cruelty of woman. Here he was of course feted, courted, and admired, and above all, flattered into belief of his own absolute perfection by the never-failing, eternal, diabolical, little Marquise de C——, who seems born for the misery of all mankind; and some little time ago at one of the *soirees regence*, which she gives now and then at her house in honour of by-gone days, the young man was lured on by the *roues* and *ames damnees* of which her society is composed, to allow his champagne to speak freely of the Princess, and to relate all the *souvenirs* of her Royal Highness, which it formed in the brain of the youth upon mounting there. The result may be conceived, but not the catastrophe, which startled the whole world admitted to the secret, and none more so than the unfortunate youth himself. The conversation of the young man, the secrets revealed by the champagne, were of course all duly reported to the Prussian embassy, whence they soon found their way to the court of Berlin; and the consequence of it all was the receipt a fortnight ago of a packet, containing not a reprieve from the Commander-in-Chief—not a dismissal from his Majesty's service—not a summons to appear before a military tribunal—no, nothing of all this, the packet contained naught but one of those knobs or bristly stumps of silk net-work, upon which are mounted those lovely soul-enthralling braids which bind the brows of our young beauties, and inspire the poet when he is himself very youthful with some of his choicest smiles. A few lines from the Princess accompanied it, and bestowed upon the young Prussian officer his formal dismissal, and expressed the pleasure she experienced in being able to send him the remaining portion of the *chignon* of which she had deprived herself on the day of the review. She added ironically that the "tale of that adventure—or the adventures of that tail, rather—having been so often told, must now be somewhat ancient, and therefore she sent him the sequel, which she had hitherto kept secret from himself. She hoped he would feel no disappointment, as he had had the pleasure and pride of the adventure, and surely could not be angry merely because she herself had not had the pain and privation of despoiling her own head." The young man has disappeared no one knows whither. The lesson is a cruel one, and shows that a lover may commit with impunity everything but an indiscretion; meanwhile, an ugly story has got about concerning the Marquise de C——, and her connivance with, nay, even her bribery by the court of Prussia. The moral of the tale, therefore, as you will see, concerns, no one but the barbers—that respected class alone being, after all, the only one benefitted by the romantic adventure of "the young Prussian officer."—*Paris Cor. of the London Atlas.*

To my Birth-place.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"Whether a persecuted child of thine
Thou deign to own, my lovely native place,
In characters that Time cannot efface,
Thy worth is graved upon this heart of mine.
Forsake me not in anger, nor repine
That with this nation I am in disgrace:
From ruthless bondage to redeem my race,
And save my country, is my great design.
How much soe'er my conduct thou dost blame
(For Hate and Calumny belie my course),
My labours shall not sully thy fair fame;
But they shall be to thee a fountain-source
Of joyfulness hereafter—when my name
Shall e'en from tyrants a just tribute force."

[For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.]

To William Lloyd Garrison.

RESPONSE.

One heart, at least, can sympathize with thee;
One humble voice, from thine own native place,
Shall bless thee for thy blessings on the race,
And thank his God that thou, indeed, art free,
And that thy love would have ALL others be.
What if this nation holds thee in disgrace?
Doth it not feel thy power, and fear the trace
Of e'en thy finger, when thou writ'st the plea
Of crushed and bleeding man? At every word,
Burning with truth, and potent for the right,
How is the conscience of the people stirred!
How quails the tyrant in his guilty fright!
Still, still, bold champion, let thy voice be heard;
Still shed the radiance of thy Christian light. J. H.

Newburyport, July, 1852.

THE GIN PALACE, OR THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAY?

A PROSE CANTICLE.

Most certainly, the proper mode of spending the Sunday for inhabitants of towns, except those who keep carriages and can be driven into the country by their own servants, attending divine service by the way, with their coachman and footman waiting for them outside, is to go to church three times a day, and occupy the intervals in reading sermons strictly orthodox, or perhaps devoting an hour or so to a very slow walk through the streets. But as there are unfortunately multitudes who will not even go to church, yet who will go somewhere, is it not much better that they should pass their time at the public-house than at such a place as the Crystal Palace?

Those who might resort to the public-house would drink gin and beer; beverages not unwholesome in moderation, but they that should visit the Crystal Palace or the British Museum—were it open on Sundays—would imbibe the poison of secular knowledge unqualified by theological opinion.

Excess in gin and beer—nay, even in Port wine—will make a man drunk: no doubt drunkenness is a sin: but when it is caused by alcohol and malt liquor, and particularly when it results from a mixture of both, it is pretty sure to be followed by repentance the next morning, or at least by a headache calculated to teach the sufferer the hollowness of worldly things.

But the elevation produced by contemplating the works of nature and art, is succeeded by no salutary depression; on the contrary, the amusement of the day so spent is generally felt to bear the morrow's reflection, and thus begets a soul-destroying complacency, instead of the wholesome conviction of being a miserable sinner.

And then the man who gets drunk contributes to the Excise, and his transgression tends to increase the revenue, and thus to place, at the disposal of the Government, funds which a pious Ministry might apply to the improvement of bishops' palaces.—Whereas the mere mental intoxication caused by the sublime and beautiful, does not conduce to the enrichment of the State or the Church by one half penny.

Any attraction likely to draw town's-people into the country on Sundays is objectionable. In the sunshine, beneath the blue vault of heaven, amid green fields and sweet flowers, singing-birds, humming bees, silver brooks, corrupt human nature is apt to forget itself, and mistake this wicked world for a paradise. Now, those who are obliged to remain in cities are surrounded by circumstances all forcibly impressing them with a sense of their misery and mortality. The sewers and gutters in their paths—emblems of depravity—exhale a moral with a stench, and teach the heart a lesson through the nose. From crowded churchyards the fact of death is brought home to them in the very air they breathe and the water they drink—if they can drink such water: truth, humiliating, but salutary, if not wholesome truth, lies at the bottom of all the adjacent wells. The knell accords with the reek of the intramural graveyard; the one corroborates the other; they tell the same story. The incense of the flowers contradicts the knell. The rural influences go altogether to inspire affections and hopes just contrary to the proper dejection, the becoming despondency, the consciousness of walking in a vale of tears, in the valley of the Shadow of Death; the mournful and melancholy state of mind, which, when it does not quite amount to despair and insanity, may be described as a sanctified seriousness.

At least, if the Crystal Palace is not to be closed on the Sabbath, publicans and brewers ought to be compensated for the loss of business which they will sustain; and if compensation is allowed them, it must be granted to the clergy; as the seduction will affect the church equally with the pothouse. It is likely to affect the Church in a very peculiar manner.

There are in cities numbers of persons, who, impressed a little too strongly by the perception of human wretchedness—there may be too much of a good thing—come not to be quite so sure as they ought of the benevolence, justice, and wisdom, presiding over the universe. It is the business of the clergy to convince and persuade them of the truths they cannot very well see in the things about them. The priesthood have a vested interest in their doubts. But the Crystal Palace—like the British Museum—will contain wonders of creation, demonstrating those grand fundamentals which a preacher can only argue. People will, in effect, be going there to church: and who knows but that some heterodox wretch might even propose to have services, in the spirit of the Bridgewater treatises, actually celebrated in the building, amidst objects which would certainly afford the strongest evidences of the principles asserted in those volumes?

The Gin Palace, then, rather than the Crystal Palace for the people on a Sunday!—*Punch.*

NUCES LITERATIÆ.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

I have copied the following curiosities of jurisprudence from a private communication just received from a learned legal friend, and have pleasure in placing them at your disposal.

Respectfully yours, Friar Lubin.

The *judiciam crucis*, or judgment of the cross, which prevailed in Europe during the dark ages, was resorted to in A. D. 775, to decide a controversy between the Bishop of Paris and the Abbot of St. Dennis, concerning some land.

It was thus: Each of the litigants produced a person who, during the celebration of mass, stood before the cross with his arms expanded, and he, whose representative first became weary and altered his position, lost the cause.

In the tenth century a question arose in Spain, whether the sons of a son who had died before his father should be reckoned among the children of the family, and succeed to the inheritance equally with their uncles?

The Emperor, as he said, "being desirous of dealing honourably with his people and nobles," appointed the matter to be decided by battle between two champions. The champion of the children was victorious, and it was established by a perpetual decree that they should thereafter share in the inheritance with their uncles.

In the eleventh century, a question arose also in Spain, which of two kinds of ritual should be used in the churches, and it was tried first by judicial combat, and finally determined by throwing both books into the flames, and giving the victory to that which remained untouched.

In the sixth century, when Slavery existed as it does now, the formality of manumission was executed in a church as a religious ceremony, and the charters of manumission declared that it was *pro amore Dei, pro remedio animæ et pro mercede animæ.*

The writer from whom I gather this says: "The interior order of men owed the recovery of their liberty to the decline of that aristocratical policy which lodged the most extensive power in the hands of a few members of society, and depressed all the rest."

Pray tell me! was he writing of the sixth or the nineteenth century?

The well-known clause in an indictment which, as an aggravation of the criminal's guilt, mentions his having assaulted a person who was in peace of God and the king, had its origin in this state of things, viz: The *Tuega* or *Pax Dei*, and the *Pax Regis.*

In order to curb the private wars which were so common in Europe one thousand years ago, one expedient was the Truce or Peace of God, devised by the ecclesiastics, by which all men were enjoined to refrain from violence during certain holy seasons, such as feast days and the like, and finally from every Thursday until the next Monday morning, being the time from the crucifixion to the resurrection.

The Peace of the King was exacting from the turbulent nobles, who claimed the right of private war as one of their privileges, that they would abstain while he was carrying on a war with a foreign enemy. Yours, ———.

ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

Windfall.—The origin of this term is said to be the following:

Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect god-send in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the *windfall* was sometimes of very great value.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul.—In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers, but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's church; hence the phrase "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

He's Caught a Tartar.—In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people, in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar." "Fetch him along, then!" said the captain.

"Ay, but he won't let me," said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself they say, "He's caught a Tartar."

Bankrupt.—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word bankrupt. The money changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls, in the bourse or exchange in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

Hie! Betty Martin.—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman calender, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "*O mihi beate Martine;*" which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin," and then still further to "Hie! Betty Martin."

Roland for an Oliver.—Although no phrase is in more common use, yet few are acquainted with its origin. The expression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two knights famous in romance. The wonderful achievement of the one can only be equalled by those of the other, Hence the phrase "Roland for an Oliver."

Mind your P's and Q's.—The origin of this phrase, is said to have been a call of attention, in the old English ale houses to the *pints* and *quarts* being scored down to the unconcious or reckless beer-bibber.

Hobson's Choice.—The expression, *Hobson's Choice* is proverbial both in Europe and America. The story of its origin is as follows:

Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who, to his employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest, as well as labour; and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn. Hence the saying, "Hobson's choice; this or none." —*Arvine's Cyclopedia.*

Singular Deception.—A gentleman from Paris writes the following: I saw through one of the windows of the Mayor's office, in the twelfth arrondissement, what seemed to be the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious judge, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was only a large doll, as large as life. What to think of this I did not know, so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it. "This is the the contraband museum," was the answer; and on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone. In a huge, dirty room, are scattered over the floor, on the walls and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which had been confiscated from time to time by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers. It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling; all, unfortunately, in complete confusion. Look before you: there is a hogshead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds two quarts and a half. On the other side are logs hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with China silks; and just beyond it, a pile of coal curiously perforated with spools of cotton. The coloured gentleman who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances: He was built of tin, painted black, a heyduck or Ethiopian chasseur on the foot board of a carriage fastened by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed he was always showing his teeth, which they supposed to be the custom of his country. One day the carriage to which he belonged was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was a grand chorus of yells and oaths, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, the instrumental by their whips. The negro, however, never spoke a word. His good behaviour delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at the black fellow," they said, "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!" He showed a perfect indifference to their applause. "My friend," said a clerk at the barrier jumping upon the foot-board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really much obliged to you." Oh, surprise! the shoulder rattled. The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over and found he was made of metal, and as full as his skin would hold of the very best contraband liquor drawn from his foot. The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried away in triumph. The first night the revenue people drank up his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now nearly six years since he lost all the moisture of his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

A Eulogy.—The *Knickerbocker Magazine* reports the following as a "funeral sermon" actually delivered in North Carolina:

A Friend of ours from the South (whose 'favours we respectfully solicit') mentioned the other day a funeral sermon which he heard in North Carolina not long since, that set even our associate Owl a-winking. Parson S——, a rather eccentric character, was called upon to 'preach the funeral' of a hard case named Rann, which he did in the following style: 'My beloved brethren and sistren: ef our departed brother Rann would a wanted somebody to tell lies about him and make him out a better man than he was, he wouldn't a chosen me to preach this funeral. No, my brethren, he wanted to be held up as a burnin' and a shinin' light to warn you from the error of your ways. He kept horses, and he run'd em, he kept chickens, and he fou't em; he kept women, and there sits his widow who can prove it.'

The widow sat directly in front of the pulpit, and gave an affirmatory nod. 'Our dear departed brother had many warnings, brethren. The first warnin' was when he broke his leg, but he still went on in the error of his ways. The second warnin' was when his son Petty hung himself in jail; and the last and greatest warnin' of all was when he died himself.' The preacher then enlarged on these topics until he sunk Rann so low that his hearers began to doubt whether he would ever get him up again, and as usual in 'funerals,' land him safely in Abraham's bosom. This was the object of the second part of the sermon, which started off thus: 'My brethren, there'l be great meracles, great meracles in Heaven. And the first meracle will be that many you expect to find there you won't see there. The people that go round with long faces, making long prayers, won't be there; and the second meracle will be that many you don't expect to find there, as some perhaps won't expect to find our departed brother Rann, you'll find there; and the last and greatest meracle will be to find yourselves there.' 'There's not one single word of exaggeration,' said the narrator, 'in it. It is a literal transcript.'"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Improvement not Desirable.—Wedderburn asked Sheridan how he had got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to get rid of his Scotch accent. "My dear fellow," said Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing; the house listens to you *now*, because they don't understand you; if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure."

——Sir William Hamilton, whom the *Athenæum* regards as "a colossus among European thinkers," has published a series of essays, three of which have the following extraordinary titles: "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," "Cousin's Infinito-Absolute," "Conditions of the Thinkable systematised." The *Athenæum* very truly observes that "these are not phrases that we expect to see going loose about general society."

——An Extraordinary Stomach Load.—A London paper tells an incredible story of a young man, a patient in the Peckham House Lunatic Asylum, who recently died, and a *post-mortem* examination of the body being made by Dr. Armstrong, the medical superintendent, there was found in the stomach a mass of handles of tinned iron spoons and other articles, of the weight of two pounds and a half, consisting of three entire spoon-handles of about five inches long, four half-handles, nine nails, some of which were as large as a spike nail, the half of the iron heel of a shoe, a screw two and a half inches long, four pebbles the size of a hazel-nut, a metal button, and a quantity of pebbles, which the patient had been in the habit of swallowing for two or three years previously, and which, it was apparent, had been the cause of his death.

——The Memoir of Thomas Moore.—The manuscript memoir left by the deceased poet, and a diary almost to the period of his death, occupy ten closely-written volumes. Lord John Russell is to be their editor, in conformity with the following clause in the poet's will: "I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me), the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family." For these manuscripts the Messrs. Longman have, we (*Athenæum*) understand, agreed to pay Mrs. Moore the liberal sum of £3,000; and they are now undergoing the necessary review with a view to printing. The first volume will, we believe, be published in October; and some good "bits of gossip," from the diaries are already current in literary and political circles.

——Duelling as it Was.—Lord Mark Kerr, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *debut* was remarkable. He was a lad of slight effeminate appearance, apparently void of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, when he brought him up to London to join his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, requested the colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, to see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted. Those were the days of hard drinking, "prodigious swearing," according to my Uncle Toby, and much brutality of manners. The pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at the mess, a stop-peg to hang their practical jokes on, until at last a captain of some years' standing actually threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but quietly wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, and took no further notice of the insult he had received. The colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, *tete-a-tete*, on the following morning at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length, the commanding officer broke ground. "Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject; but, as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L——, yesterday morning, publicly passed an affront on you, which both your own honour and the credit of the regiment require you to notice." "What do you think, sir, I ought to do?" quietly inquired Lord Mark. "Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the colonel. "It is, I fear, rather too late for that," replied the young ensign. "I shot him at eight this morning, and, if you will take the trouble to look out of the front window, you will see him on a shutter!" "A thousand pardons, my dear young friend," said the colonel; "I shall never again presume to meddle in your private affairs. I see you understand thoroughly how to regulate them."

——Steam.—Piking aint wot it wos; far from it. The inwention of steam has done a good deal of harm to many a bisness, but there's few as has suffered more onaccountably than them as is in the pike line. Only look at Kennington-gate! See wot that used to be in the Epsum week! Double tolls safe on the Darby day, nine cases out o' ten. Who went and thawt wot they did with their tickits once they was on the coorse? Them as did n't lose 'em most likely give 'em away; leastways that's my beleef, for werry few cum back to my hands on sitch occasions. Wot if there was a few skrimmages with them as was hedstrong! Money's, not to be got in this world athout some little trouble and wot signifies the butt-end of a wipp now and then if your hedd's a hard'un? As to chaff, the pikeman as can't stand that ought for to shut up at once. The sooner he removes to private lodgings the better. Well, wot's the upshot now? Why, most on 'em takes the rail. If they loses their tickits, who proffits by it? Why, the Company—as they calls 'em—we don't. If they fites and brakes hedds, who gits paid for it! Taint us—it's the Pleece. All our priwilidges is inwaded, and steam's wots bin and dun it! Cuss steam, say I—'cept when it cums out of the spout of a kittle and somebody's reddy to stand a quorten of summit. Not that I need to care about the Epsum Rode now; I've been moved a good wile. Still one haves feelins, and mine's they as I've exprest. You'll say, praps, the contrack aint nun of yours, and you've no call to grumble so long as you gits your weekly 'lowance. I aint going to argefy that question, wich there may be two sides to every bargain, but wot I goes upon is this. Where's the life and sperrit as made a pikeman's day a pleasant one? Where's the gigs and the drags and the tandums, and them as driv 'em, gone to? Hosses is anmost a drug now, and in regard to post-boys I haven' seen but one this six months, and he wasn't hisself; he d no more napp on his wite hat than there is on my bar; all the bloo was faded right out of his jackit, and, if it hadn't bin that he couldn't help it, he wouldn't even have looked like a post-boy. These here is stunnin reflexions at my time o' life—for I'm turned of sixty—and it don't seem to me as if matters was likely to mend. Here have I kept a pike, man and boy, this three-and-forty year, and tho I say it, praps there aint a man round Lunnon as has counted more hedds or took more tolls than me, nor seen more of wot people calls "Life."—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.*

——Charles Dickens and the Gardeners.—Mr. Dickens discoursed very eloquently upon flowers and all that pertains thereto, at the ninth anniversary of Gardener's Royal Benevolent Institution, held on Monday, at the London Tavern. Gardening, he said, was invariably connected with peace and happiness:

"Gardens are associated in our minds with all countries, and all degrees of men, and with all periods of time. We know that painters, and sculptors, and statesmen, and men of war, and men who have agreed in nothing else, have agreed, in all ages, to delight in gardens. We know that the most ancient people of the earth had gardens; and that where nothing but heaps of sand are now found, and arid desolation now smiles, gardens once smiled, and the gorgeous blossoms of the East shed their fragrance on races which would have been long ago forgotten, but for the ruined temples which, in those distant ages, stood in their gardens (cheers). We know that the ancients wore crowns of flowers; and the laurels and the bays have stimulated many a noble heart to deeds of heroism and virtue (cheers). We know that, in China, hundreds of acres of gardens float about the rivers, and, indeed, in all countries gardening is the favourite recreation of the people (cheers). In this country its love is deeply implanted in the breasts of everybody. We see the weaver striving for a pigmy garden on his house top—we see the poor man wrestling with the smoke for his little bower of scarlet runner—we know how very many who have no scrap of land to call their own, and will never, until they lie their length in the ground, and have passed forever the portals of life, still cultivate their favourite flowers or shrubs in jugs, bottles, and basins (cheers) we know that in factories and workshops we may find plants—and I have seen the poor prisoner, condemned to linger out year after year within the narrow limits of his place of confinement, gardening in his cell (loud cheers). Of the exponents of a language so universal—of the patient followers of nature in their efforts to produce the finest forms and the richest colours of her most lovely creations, which we enjoy alike at all times of life, and which, whether on the bosom of beauty or the breast of old age, are alike beautiful—surely it is not too much to say that such men have a hold upon our remembrance when they themselves need comfort" (cheers).